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No. 1598.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1858.

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SWINEY LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, in connection with the British Museum.—A COURSE of Twelve LECTURES will be delivered in the Theatre of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, commencing on Monday, the 14th of June, at Three P.M., by A. G. MELVILLE, M.D., Professor of Nat. Hist. Queen's University, Ireland.—Admission gratis.

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The Gates open at 2 o'clock.

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Works of Art intended for Exhibition will be received (subject to the regulations of the Academy's Circular) by Mr. Green, 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, until the 12th of August, and at the Academy's Rooms, Old Post-office-place, Church-street, Liverpool, from the 12th until the 1st of August.

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June, 1858.

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In honour of that day, the waggon on the prairie will have its arch of leaves, the lumber-raft floating down the Mississippi will attach to its rough pine-mast a July flag, the steamer far out at sea will hoist a garland at the fore,—a motley population, of all hues, German, Indian, civil and military, will make music in what, twenty years ago, were forest-streets, and along the thirteen thousand miles of coast, from every cape and headland, peaceful cannon will proclaim to the world a declaration of American independence.

Nor in less favoured climates will the day be forgotten. Compliment or sympathy will deck with American colours the harbours of Montreal, Sydney, and Liverpool. Americans will be glad in Rome, in Florence, and perhaps too in Paris,—and in token of political amity and fearless of clear and open search, the portraits of Queen Victoria and President Buchanan will hang side by side to dignify an hospitable dining-room at Richmond.

To understand the precise reasons for national pride,—the motives which make July orators appear to a European public somewhat florid and indiscriminate, apt to overcharge their addresses with allusions taken from the sun and the eagle and the natural tendencies of empire,—we have only to turn back some eighty-two or three years, and reach the epoch at which Mr. Bancroft in his present volume has arrived. The odds against American independence at that date were tremendous. Cancelling that is, from our mental balance-sheet the imbecility of fine old English ministers, the ignorance and obstinacy of a fine old English king, and especially the good-natured bucolic ease of a fine old English people,—giving England full credit for all these items, still the adverse balance against her Transatlantic offset was great. England was inert; like Asher, she desired simply to continue on the sea-shore, vaving her sceptre testily from time to time at the child waxing strong in the unknown wilderness across the Atlantic. The mother forgot, or

could not see, her child's silent growth, miscalculated that child's age, or, after the manner of some noble mothers, was afraid lest it should remind her of her own; she forgot the uncouth nursery in which America had been placed, how few motherly caresses she had received, what traditions had been bequeathed her, in what religious and civil liberty she had been bred, how she had grown up in an out-door faith on cold New England hills, and learned justice and mercy and divine international law under the mystic trees by the Delaware. England did not care to educate in self-government; she only cared to inflict imperial customs, to curb her child by martial law and successive cess and tax. Unfilial that child was not. A certain divinity, as she thought, still hedged a crown; but the English blood in her, quickened by Transatlantic heat, rose against legislative Acts which she was compelled to accept without remonstrance or appeal. The acts of a junto of mere servants of the crown the men of Massachusetts rightly scorned to accept as the act of the representatives of England. Boston—came the peremptory order—must either consent to receive an obnoxious act, be tortured into submission, her commerce must cease, or henceforward her port be closed. On the very day that this memorable act was made known in Boston, Louis the Sixteenth was proclaimed King of France, and thus in Europe and in America two revolutions had begun. There is little need to institute an historical parallel or to compare kingly and ministerial wilfulness or want of will in the two countries:—in any hemisphere and in any time, "To be weak is miserable, doing or suffering."

England's weakness, like a hasty blow, aroused America to a knowledge of her strength. She had been sundered into Roundhead and Cavalier, into trader and planter, into Northern and Southern factions. But the colony that Raleigh had planted resisted the insult offered to Puritan Massachusetts as a common wrong and a common indignity. Colonial pride and honour were hurt in the person of its northern member. Thirteen States suffered in the attack made upon Boston. The law was announced to the rudimental Parliament, convened for debate in historical Faneuil Hall. A simple and business-like company, not of talkers so much as doers, Romans of later days, who have come from their fields, their sheep, or the plough—quitted their daily melons and pumpkins, and trudged in their wooden houses at Roxbury, Brookline, Dorchester, Cambridge, Charlestown, Lynn, and Lexington. Captains in the militia some of them, congregationalist deacons,—all of them men of trust, and truth, and probity. Samuel Adams, of Boston, is at their head, and the words which he utters are still worthy of note:—"An empire," said he, "is rising in America; and Britain, by her multiplied oppressions, is accelerating that independence which she dreads. We have a post to maintain, to desert which would entail upon us the curses of posterity. The virtue of our ancestors inspires us: they were contented with clams and muscles. For my own part, I have been wont to converse with poverty; and however disagreeable a companion she may be thought to be by the affluent and luxurious who never were acquainted with her, I can live happily with her the remainder of my days, if I can hereby contribute to the redemption of my country."

These were bold words to utter when the speaker knew that an order had been issued for his arrest; but General Gage was "an ancient and quiet" commander, and stole out

of the way of men of ascertained republican character. The Act which closed the port of Boston was circulated far and wide. It was printed with a black border, cried and burnt in the streets. It kindled popular indignation in all the States, except New York and Pennsylvania, in the capitals of which wealth and family traditions inclined leading citizens to hesitate or compromise. Connecticut, New Jersey, New Hampshire, readily gave in their adhesion. The Baltimore planters, with Indians on their frontier, and negro slaves that were so many hostages for their masters' allegiance, betwixt the alternative of being evicted from their lands or retaining their liberty, did not waver. "Boston," said they, "is but the first victim at the altar of liberty. All Americans must have one soul, and stand by one another unto death. Should they fail, the constitution of the mother-country itself would lose its excellence." Virginia, represented by such leaders as Patrick Henry, Richard Lee, Jefferson, and Washington, spoke out nobly. The last act of the Assembly was to proclaim a fast-day on the day when the Boston Port Act took effect. For this act the Governor dissolved the Assembly. The members repaired to the Raleigh tavern, there passed resolutions,—and then, courteous gentlemen as they were, attended a ball given in honour of Lady Dunmore, the Governor's wife, who had just arrived in the colony. In three weeks the great commonwealth had sprung to life. The eloquent account of the blockade we extract:—

"On the first day of June, Hutchinson embarked for England; and as the clocks in the Boston belfries finished striking twelve, the blockade of the harbour began. The inhabitants of the town were chiefly traders, shipwrights, and sailors; and since no anchor could be weighed, no sail unfurled, no vessel so much as launched from the stocks, their cheerful industry was at an end. No more are they to lay the keel of the fleet merchantman, or shape the rib symmetrically for its frame, or strengthen the graceful hull by knees of oak, or rig the well-proportioned masts, or bend the sails to the yards. The king of that country has changed the busy workshops into scenes of compulsory idleness, and the most skilful naval artisans in the world, with the keenest eye for forms of beauty and speed, are forced by act of parliament to fold their hands. Want scowled on the labourer, as he sat with his wife and children at his board. The sailor roamed the streets listlessly without hope of employment. The law was executed with a rigour that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from wharf to wharf, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River; the fishermen of Marblehead, when from their hard pursuit, they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were obliged to transport their offering in waggons by a circuit of thirty miles. The warehouses of the thrifty merchants were at once made valueless; the costly wharves, which extended far into the channel, and were so lately covered with the produce of the tropics and with English fabrics, were become solitary places; the harbour, which had resounded incessantly with the cheering voices of prosperous commerce, was now disturbed by no sounds but from British vessels of war. At Philadelphia, the bells of the churches were muffled and tolled; the ships in port hoisted their colours at half-mast; and nine-tenths of the houses, except those of the Friends, were shut during the memorable first of June. In Virginia, the population thronged the churches; Washington attended the service, and strictly kept the fast. No firmer or more touching words were addressed to the sufferers than from Norfolk, which was the largest place of trade in that 'well-watered and extensive dominion,' and which, from its deep

channel and nearness to the ocean, lay most exposed to ships of war. 'Our hearts are warmed with affection for you,' such was its message; 'we address the Almighty Ruler to support you in your afflictions. Be assured we consider you as suffering in the common cause, and look upon ourselves as bound by the most sacred ties to support you.'

To Boston the whole country looked. A king's regiment was encamped on Boston Common. In Faneuil Hall the delegates sat with locked doors. The New England towns sent rye and flour, sheep and fish. The Frenchmen of Quebec, the Germans on the banks of the Shehandoak, Maryland, and Delaware, sent in contributions. Carolina sent rice, and bid the Boston people "not to pay for an ounce of the damned tea." Men of peace, Episcopalian and Congregationalist clergymen, preached resistance. Noble John Adams spoke the general voice, "Swim or sink, live or die, survive or perish with my country, is my unalterable determination." Massachusetts was to be "regulated" by a military governor and council. Her charters were abolished, her judges and sheriffs made henceforward creatures of the Crown, and the rights of selecting juries, and of assembling in town meetings, were taken away from the people. Massachusetts was, indeed, in a state of siege. But Boston would have its town meetings, and citizens who bore office under the Crown were obliged to hang their heads at church and crouch in their pews while honest men walked past. The sound of revolution begins to be heard "swinging slow with solemn roar" round the woods of Cambridge. Congress will endeavour for the last time to avert independence, George Washington being convinced that no thinking man in all North America desires it,—the voice of Chatham will be heard like a prophetic wail in an historical parliament,—and then "the American jewel" shall be torn out and flung away for ever from the crown of England.

From these preliminary dates, which occupy the early chapters of the history, we pass on to Lexington and Concord, where another Emerson, the great preacher of the place, is alert, gun in hand, powder-horn and pouch for balls slung over his shoulder. It was a sweet April when the first American citizens fell. Its hue is prettily given:—

"Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before the season; the blue bird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green, lay in death the grey-haired and the young; the grassy field was red 'with the innocent blood of their brethren slain,' crying unto God for vengeance from the ground."

Now for Concord, where we confront the Revolution:—

"The officers, meeting in front of their men, spoke a few words with one another, and went back to their places. Barrett, the colonel, on horseback in the rear, then gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Isaac Davis, of Acton, became changed; the town schoolmaster, who was present, could never afterwards find words strong enough to express how his face reddened at the word of command. 'I have not a man that is afraid to go,' said Davis, looking at the men of Acton; and drawing his sword, he cried 'March.' His company, being on the right, led the way towards the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick, of Concord, with John Robinson, of Westford, Lieutenant-Colonel in Prescott's regiment, but on this day a volunteer without command. Thus these three men walked together in front, followed by minute men and militia, in double file, trailing arms. They went down the

hillock, entered the by-road, came to its angle with the main road, and there turned into the causeway that led straight to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks; the Americans, to prevent it, quickened their step. At this, the British fired one or two shots up the river; then another, by which Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown were wounded. A volley followed, and Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer, the latter a son of the deacon of the Acton Church, fell dead. Three hours before, Davis had bid his wife and children farewell. That afternoon, he was carried home and laid in her bed-room. His countenance was little altered and pleasant in death. The bodies of two others of his company who were slain that day were brought also to her house, and the three were followed to the village graveyard by a concourse of the neighbours from miles around. God gave her length of days in the land which his generous self-devotion assisted to redeem. She lived to see her country touch the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and when it was grown great in numbers, wealth, and power, the United States in congress paid honours to her husband's martyrdom, and comforted her under the double burden of sorrow and more than ninety years. As the British fired, Emerson, who was looking on from his chamber window near the bridge, was for one moment uneasy, lest the fire should not be returned. It was only for a moment; Buttrick, leaping into the air, and at the same time partially turning round, cried aloud, as if with his country's voice, 'Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake fire'; and the cry, 'fire, fire, fire, ran from lip to lip. Two of the British fell; several were wounded. In two minutes, all was hushed. The British retreated in disorder towards their main body; the countrymen were left in possession of the bridge. This is the world-renowned BATTLE OF CONCORD; more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim."

The crisis of the war arrives with the occupation of Breed's Hill. It is thus described:—

"The bells of Boston had struck twelve before the first sod was thrown up. Then every man of the thousand seized in his turn the pickaxe and spade, and they plied their tools with such expedition, that the parapet soon assumed form, and height, and capacity for defence. 'We shall keep our ground,' thus Prescott related that he silently revolved his position, 'if some screen, however slight, can be completed before discovery.' The Lively lay in the ferry, between Boston and Charlestown, and a little to the eastward were moored the Falcon, and the Somerset, a ship of the line; the veteran not only set a watch to patrol the shore, but bending his ear to catch every sound, twice repaired to the margin of the water, where he heard the drowsy sentinels from the decks of the men-of-war still cry: 'All is well.' Putnam also during the night came among the men of Connecticut on the hill; but he assumed no command over the detachment. The few hours that remained of darkness hurried away, but not till the line of circumvallation was already closed. As day dawned, the seamen were roused to action, and every one in Boston was startled from slumber by the cannon of the Lively playing upon the redoubt. Citizens of the town, and British officers, and tory refugees, the kindred of the insurgents, crowded to gaze with wonder and surprise at the small fortress of earth freshly thrown up, and 'the rebels,' who were still plainly seen at their toil. A battery of heavy guns was forthwith mounted on Copp's Hill, which was directly opposite, at a distance of but twelve hundred yards, and an incessant shower of shot and bombs was rained upon the works; but Prescott, whom Gridley had forsaken, calmly considered how he could best continue his line of defence. At the foot of the hill on the north was a slough, beyond which an elevated tongue of land, having few trees, covered chiefly with grass, and intersected by fences, stretched away to the Mystic. Without the aid of an engineer, Prescott himself extended his line from the east side of the redoubt northerly for about twenty rods towards the bottom of the hill; but the men were prevented from completing it 'by the intolerable fire of the enemy.' Still the

cannonade from the battery and shipping could not dislodge them, though it was a severe trial to raw soldiers, unaccustomed to the noise of artillery. Early in the day, a private was killed and buried. To inspire confidence, Prescott mounted the parapet and walked leisurely backwards and forwards, examining the works and giving directions to the officers. One of his captains, perceiving his motive, imitated his example. From Boston, Gage with his telescope described the commander of the party. 'Will he fight?' asked the general of Willard, Prescott's brother-in-law, late a mandamus councillor, who was at his side.—'To the last drop of his blood,' answered Willard. As the British generals saw that every hour gave fresh strength to the intrenchments of the Americans, by nine o'clock they deemed it necessary to alter the plan previously agreed upon, and to make the attack immediately on the side that could be soonest reached. Had they landed troops at the isthmus as they might have done, the detachment on Breed's Hill would have had no chances of escape or relief. The day was exceedingly hot, one of the hottest of the season. After their fatigues through the night, the American partisans might all have pleaded their unfitness for action; some left the post, and the field officers, Bridge and Brickett, being indisposed, could render their commander but little service. Yet Prescott was dismayed neither by fatigue nor desertion. 'Let us never consent to being relieved,' said he to his own regiment, and to all who remained; 'these are the works of our hands, to us be the honour of defending them.' He consented to despatch repeated messengers for reinforcements and provisions; but at the hour of noon no assistance had appeared. His men had toiled all the night long, had broken their fast only with what they had brought in their knapsacks the evening before, had, under a burning sky, without shade, amidst a storm of shot and shells, continued their labour all the morning, and were now preparing for a desperate encounter with a vastly superior force; yet no refreshments were sent them, and during the whole day they received not even a cup of cold water, nor so much as a single gill of powder. The agony of suspense was now the greater, because no more work could be done in the trenches; the tools were piled up in the rear, and the men were waiting unemployed, till the fighting should begin."

We do not quarrel with Mr. Bancroft for writing like an American; but the commonwealth of history and of letters suffers from such spiteful writing as the following:—

"Had Johnson been truly a man of genius, he would have escaped the shame of having, in his old age, aimed at freedom the feeble shaft which was meant to have carried ruin. In spite of the ostentatious pomp of his morality, his own heart was riveted to the earth. At the last, he cowered under the fear of dissolution as though death were an enemy; scarifying his limbs in the vain hope of breathing though but a few hours more; unable in the moment of change to fix his eye on God, or to grasp eternity; the emblem of the old political system, which also lay on its deathbed, helplessly longing to live on. His name is never breathed as a watchword; his writings never thrill as oracles."

Johnson's part in the politics of the time is thus described:—

"Johnson was a poor man's son, and had himself tasted the bitter cup of extreme indigence. His father left no more than twenty pounds. To bury his mother and pay her little debts, he had written *Rasselas*. For years he had gained a precarious support as an author. He had paced the streets of London all night long, from not having where to lay his head; he had escaped a prison for a trifle he owed by begging an alms of Richardson, had broken his bread with poverty, and had even known what it is from sheer want to go without a dinner. When better days came, he loved the poor as few else love them; and he nursed in his house whole nests of the lame, the blind, the sick, and the sorrowful. A man who had thus sturdily battled with social evils, and was so keenly touched by the wretchedness of the down-trodden, deserved to have been able to feel for an injured people;

but he refused to do so. Having defined the word pension as 'pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country,' he was himself become a pensioner; and at the age of threescore and six, with small hire, like a bravo who loves his trade, he set about the task of his work-masters. In a tract, which he called 'Taxation no Tyranny,' he echoed to the crowd the haughty rancour, which passed down from the king and his court, to his council, to the ministers, to the aristocracy, their parasites and followers, with nothing remarkable in his party zeal but the intensity of its bitterness; or in his manner but its unparalleled insolence; or in his argument but its grotesque extravagance."

The opinion which we have more than once expressed upon the style of Mr. Bancroft's History, applies with full force to the volume before us. It is exceedingly picturesque and bright and processional—yet scarcely equal to the vigour of debate, or the storm of revolutionary battle. We have only glimpses of the men of the Revolution, and are left to a good deal of surmise as to the secrets of the time. We miss the authoritative notes that lighted up the text of the earlier volumes, and cannot but, on the whole, express our regret that the author has not had such complete access to papers as would have given fullness and certainty to this, without doubt, the only American National History.

History of Alexander the First, Emperor of Russia. By Ivan Golovin. (Newby.)

"If you have any inclination to read something well worth perusing," said a Spartan to Augustus Caesar, "read the seventh book of Thucydides,"—and certainly, of the eight books into which the great Athenian divided his history, the seventh, which narrates the issues of the expedition to Sicily, when the writer's countrymen paid so dearly at Syracuse for their triumph at Pylus, the book named is by very far the most brilliant, exciting, and attractive. In itself, it is a perfect episode of history; and it is so for this reason, namely, that it is regularly developed, lucidly told, impartial in its testimonies, and consistent in all its parts. Mr. Golovin's biography is exactly the contrary of all this. He had the advantage of dealing with a subject complete in itself; and there are so many unsatisfactory lives of Alexander, that he might easily, and without any vast outlay of genius, have excelled any of his predecessors. Unfortunately, not only has he not accomplished such a pleasant end; he has failed to produce even a tolerable book;—and, paraphrasing the words of the Spartan, we may say, "If you have any inclination to read an unintelligible biography, read the life of Alexander by Ivan Golovin."

There are perhaps few of the Russian Czar's whose history is more picturesque and striking than that of Alexander. Hitherto little has been told of him, save anecdotes of his mysticism, incidents of his kindness of heart, and vague or affected wonderings at his melancholy. Generally, his portrait has been drawn after the Greek style, in wonderfully brilliant colours, on a gorgeous gold ground, that blinds with excess of lustre. The limners have, for the most part, treated his crimes as fashionable painters treat a glint in the eyes of their wealthy patrons, concealing it by painting in profile. He, however, who would faithfully portray this monarch, whose merits we should be the last to deny, must be as fearless of shades as he may be prodigal of lights. To our thinking, Alexander was neither excellent monarch nor excellent man. He was probably of average merit; but he was as crafty and cunning as our James the First; and, as a husband, he was about equal to Louis the

Fifteenth, who was habitually faithless to a wife whom he treated with oppressive civility. "Jamais il n'a manqué de politesse à son épouse" was all that the confessor of the Bourbon could say in way of praise of that incarnation of evil. The same may be said of Alexander, without adding the additional descriptive terms. But there are other terms, not much more flattering, that might be applied to this Czar. No individual now living can say that he had an actual hand in the death of his father, the mad Czar Paul, himself undoubtedly an illegitimate son,—but there are undeniable circumstances upon which Mr. Golovin touches, and which, if placed in juxtaposition, throw, we will not say a startling light, because we have all been more or less struck by them, but a light which at once shows us a great remorse and accounts for the settled misery which rested on the brow that wore the glittering but uneasy crown of the Romanoffs. We take the following passages from widely separated pages in this ill-executed work, only wondering that the author himself did not discern the connexion between them, and did not spend upon some of them the degree of bitterness which, with more or less reason, he is ever ready to shed upon the Bonapartes and Hapsburg-Lorrainers. Mr. Golovin gives the following as the grounds upon which the dutiful son consented to the destruction, we had well nigh said, but, at all events, to the deposition, of his Imperial father: "Count von der Pahlen, Governor-general of St. Petersburg, chief of the 'secret board,' was the soul of the conspiracy, and was cognizant of everything that happened. Although appointed Secretary of State of the Foreign Office only in March, he did not trust Paul, and hoped to become omnipotent with Alexander. He sought to embroil the father with the son, and obtained of the Emperor an order to arrest Alexander; an order which he immediately showed to the Grand Duke, who then gave his consent to the deposition of the Emperor, but with the express injunction, that he should receive no further injury."

Well, Paul was barbarously murdered by Russian noblemen and others who wanted a change, and his son Alexander reigned in his stead. The new Czar was in no haste to punish the assassins, the chief of whom seems to have been, for a time, his master.—

"No man was placed in so painful a situation as Alexander, when he ascended the throne. He had the misfortune to be the son of a father utterly unfit for the throne; and his mother loudly complained of being reduced to the situation of a Dowager Empress. He wept, and wept bitterly for days, till Pahlen said to him, 'Give up shedding tears like a child, it is time now to reign like a man.'"

It was hardly like a man that Alexander, on the 12th of March, 1801, thus announced his father's decease to his subjects.—

"It has pleased the decrees of the Almighty to shorten the life of our beloved parent, sovereign, Emperor, Paul Petrowich, who died suddenly by an apoplectic stroke, at night between the 11th and 12th days of this month."

The apoplectic stroke was the scarf with which Arakmatoff strangled his sovereign. Alexander himself so little believed his own story, that he exclaimed to Pahlen, when this assassin brought him the news of the death of his father:—"What a page of history!" To which the amiable Count replied, "The future pages will cause this one to be forgotten!" This could hardly have been more consoling to the young Czar than the closing sentence of the coronation sermon of the officiating prelate,—a sentence which may have been merely formal after a world of as formal adulation, but which, despite its formality, should have touched to the quick a son who had consented

at least to the forcible deposing of his father, and who was responsible for all the consequences of that act:—"Though the decree of the Eternal Being," said the preacher, "has appointed for you an exalted rank among men, you are, nevertheless, a man like any of us."

What mockery of penalty was allowed gently to light upon the assassins of Paul is known to every reader. Mr. Golovin shows how a poet was very severely punished who dared to denounce the regicidal deed.—

"The Russian poet, Alexander Poushkin, who was very young at that time, was banished for writing an ode to Freedom, which was certainly not too revolutionary in its character: for he deplores therein the assassination of Paul, as well as the excesses of the French Revolution in killing the king. He expresses his contempt for the assassins, who were drunken with pride and malice, ornamented with ribbons and epaulettes when going to the castle, of which treason was to open them the doors, as well as his hatred to the political butchers in Paris. Poushkin was exiled to Odessa, a circumstance which gave him the occasion of addressing a beautiful ode to Ovid, who, as well known, was also banished to the banks of the Boristene. He soon became a favourite with the Countess Worontzoff, and at the sight of the likeness of the Czar he expressed himself in those two lines:—

From feet to head a beautiful picture;
From head to feet a stupid creature."

Mr. Golovin assigns a particular reason for believing that Alexander was not an accomplice in the act for denouncing which Poushkin was punished with such rigour. It is only necessary to premise that Alexander was dying at Taganrog, when he imagined that his condition was the consequence of a conspiracy of poisoners.—

"The news of conspiracy reaching him at that moment, he exclaimed, 'The unthankful men, after what I did for them!' The remembrance of the tragedy that took place at the beginning of his reign, then came to his recollection. 'The wretches,' he exclaimed, 'they killed him.' If any proof were wanted of his innocence of the death of Paul, this would certainly be the most convincing. [?] The Empress Elizabeth, at this period, exhibited the greatest anxiety and devotedness; and when her lord and master expired, she wrote to his mother those memorable words, 'our angel is in heaven.'"

The gentle, faithful, abused, and miserable wife who thus spoke of her husband as "an angel in heaven," was the same childless consort who on encountering, at the Congress of Vienna, the mistress of Alexander and their children, stooped to kiss the latter, and in the bitterness of her heart—bitterness tempered with a really angelic sweetness—and exhibiting in the combination a true but broken-spirited woman,—bade them tell their mother that she, the Empress, envied her! The incident seems almost incredible, so touching, so poetical, so rare is it; but it will not have been forgotten, by those at least who have perused the graphic history of the Congress of Vienna, by the gossiping Count de Lagarde.

M. Golovin places his hero on a very elevated pedestal. Alexander does not look the more imposing on that account. We probably have not yet got that monarch in the right light nor in the correct point of view. Even poor biographers, however, like the present may tend towards arriving at truth, for though the authors may unconsciously string incidents together which appear to them to have little connexion, a critic will judiciously bring them into contact, and through them, as through lenses which, separate, are useless, but united, are of power to detect what otherwise would have remained invisible and unsuspected, will perceive the agitation of truth, if not truth itself. Our own impression is, that Mr. Golovin has done very serious injury to the fame of

Alexander the First; and our belief is, that he had not the least idea he was labouring so industriously to so undesirable an end.

Sea Drift. By Rear-Admiral Hercules Robinson. (Portsea, Hinton; London, Pitman.)

THIS is not a book demanding any elaborate criticism, and yet it is a book which we have read with pleasure. The writer—an old admiral of good fame and good attainments—has no great purpose in his work. He has only to tell us how he visited an island near Madeira in search of treasure in 1813, and re-visited it in 1856; and how neither time did he gain anything in the way of treasure by the expedition. But it is astonishing what a "yarn" he spins out of such simple material,—round and round and under and over it,—and how very pleasant and readable the whole is. He is not content with giving us stories of the great old French war, but he favours us with much of his personal history and with his views on every conceivable public question:—the Suffrage, the Encumbered Estates Act, the conduct of Lord John Russell, the state of Belgium, and we know not how many other topics. The book is sailor-like in everything,—in its frankness and manliness,—in its garrulity,—in its abundance of anecdotes,—in its dash of oddness,—and in its free, rollicking (yet not vulgar) style. In his politics, the Admiral is as nautical as in everything else,—that is, he is a kind of Tory-Radical,—a Tory in that regard for order and subordination which is part of the life-blood of a man-of-war,—a Radical from certain reminiscences of Admiralty wisdom and Admiralty distribution of patronage, such as form the staple of many a good mess growl. We cordially recommended his book to all who love light reading; and we shall give a specimen or two by way of a whet to their appetites. *Epe tuo Herculem!* if the gallant Admiral will forgive the jest.

Here is a queer, suggestive, fire-side kind of story, about the late Admiral Sir Henry Digby:

"The aforesaid Sir Henry Digby, in the command of a frigate, had shaped his course for Cape St. Vincent, and was running to the southward in the latitude of Cape Finisterre. He rang his bell at eleven o'clock for the officer of the watch, and asked him, 'How are we standing?'—'South-south-west, Sir.'—'What sort of weather?'—'The same, Sir, as when you left the deck; fine strong breeze; starlight night.'—'The same sail?'—'Yes, the same; double-reefed topsails and foresail.'—'Has there been anybody in my cabin?'—'I believe not, Sir; I shall ask the sentry.'—'Sentry,' asked the officer of the watch, 'has there been anybody in the Captain's cabin?'—'No, Sir,' said the sentry, 'nobody.'—'Very odd,' rejoined the Captain, 'I was perfectly convinced I had been spoken to.' At two o'clock the bell was again rung, the same questions repeated, and the same answers given. 'Most extraordinary thing,' said Captain Digby; 'every time I dropped asleep I heard somebody shouting in my ear, "Digby! Digby! go to the northward!" "Digby! Digby! go to the northward!" "Digby! Digby! go to the northward!" I shall certainly do so. Take another reef in your topsails,' he continued to the officer of the watch; 'haul your wind and tack every hour, 'till daylight, and then call me.' The officer of the middle watch did accordingly as he was ordered, and when relieved at four o'clock his successor was greatly astonished at finding the ship on a wind, and asked the meaning of it. 'Meaning, indeed,' said the other; 'the Captain has gone mad, that's all!' and he then told his story, at which they laughed heartily. There was, however, nothing to do but obey the orders; and the ship was tacked at four, at five, at six, and at seven. She had just come round for the last time, as the day was breaking, when the look-out man cried out, 'Large ship on the weather bow!' A

musket was fired to bring her to, and she proved a Spanish vessel laden with dollars and a rich cargo, which gave the fortunate dreamer a large portion of the great fortune which he amassed in the naval service. The story was told to my friend, the late Sir Jahleel Brenton, and by him repeated to me; the high character of both him and Sir Henry Digby forbidding the possibility of fabrication."

And here, a life-like portrait of one of the brave captains of the Old School.—

"Another fine old sailor of the past day, as brave as Caesar, but whose Commentaries, if he had written them, might not have been quite so good (as the schoolmaster had not gone abroad in his youth), commanded a ship of the line at Trafalgar, and pushing as he would be sure to do into the thickest of the fight, had two or three of the enemy's ships belabouring him at the same time, the *saute tle* or splinter netting was cut away, and having knocked him down, entangled him in the meshes. On getting clear, stunned and excited by the blow—he cried out, 'Let un come on, let un come on, let a dozen on un come on—I'm blow'd if I strikes—I'll never strike—no, never—to nobody whatsomdever,' and a most effective speech this was, it was heard on one deck and repeated on the others in the pauses of the firing, and the hearty guffaw with which it was received was more exhilarating than any amount of blank verse. In later years this most gallant and most amiable of *littérateurs* was second in command in Portsmouth, and said (it was said) at his dinner, 'Come, gentlemen,' let us draw round the fire, a pint of port vine vont hurt none on us this here cold vether.' I see him now strutting down the dockyard at Portsmouth, with his benevolent face, his little pigtail, flourishing his cane, and complaining whilst he called to his dog 'Wixen,' that George Vindham had never reported the arrival of the 'Hawk' in the harbour."

There are other readable bits tempting us, but none more interesting than some veritable reminiscences of the great day of Trafalgar,—which seems to lie so far back to the young generation.—

"There is now before me the beautiful misty sunny morning of the 21st October; the sea like a mill-pond, but with an ominous ground-swell rolling in from the Atlantic. The delight of us all at the idea of a wearisome blockade, about to terminate with a fair stand-up fight, of which we well knew the result. The noble fleet, with royals and studding sails on both sides, bands playing, officers in full dress, and the ships covered with ensigns, hanging in various places where they never could be struck. How well I remember the ports of our great ships hauled up, the guns run out, and, as from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, the Pickle, schooner, close to our ship, with her boarding nettings up, her tompons out of her four guns (about as large and as formidable as two pairs of Wellington boots), 'their soul alive, and eager for the fray,' as imposing as Gulliver waving his hanger before the King and Queen of Brobdignag. How I see at this moment glorious old Collingwood, a quarter of a mile ahead of his second astern, and opening the battle with the magnificent Black Santa Anna, cutting the tacks and sheets and hal-yards of his studding sails as he reached her, and letting them drop in the water (grieving, I have no doubt, at the loss of so much beautiful canvas), and as his main yard caught the mizen vangs of his opponent discharging his double shotted broadside into her stern, and extinguishing one ship of the thirty-three we had to deal with. Don Ignatio Maria d'Aliva, whose flag she bore, told me five years afterwards at the Havannah that one broadside killed 350 men, and he added, 'il rompaït todos;' and though he fought on afterwards for a couple of hours, like an old Hidalgo, like 'a man of honour and a cavalier,' the first broadside did his business, and there was an end of him, like Hogenarino in 'the Rose and the Ring.' I see before me, at the end of half-a-century, dear old Cuddie (as we called Collingwood) walking the break of the poop with his little triangular gold-laced cocked hat, tights, silk stockings, and buckles,

musings over the progress of the fight, and munching an apple. How well I remember the Achilles, French 74, blowing up, and our getting hold of a dozen of her men, who were hoisted into the air out of the exploding ship, cursing their fate, screaming, tearing their hair, and wiping the gun-powder and the salt water from their faces; and how in the evening these same fellows, having got their supper and grog and dry clothes, dancing for the amusement of our men under the half-deck. How well I remember the black pig which swam to us from the burning ship, and how I assisted in saving 'piggy wiggy,' and what a glorious supper of pork chops appeared that evening in the mid-shipmen's berth, instead of our usual refectory of cheese, biscuit, and salt junk."

The Admiral mentions several traits of the kindly, simple nature of Collingwood, which entirely corroborate what is recorded of that great seaman, and what we have heard from those who served under him. If Admiral Robinson should, as he thinks, follow up this book with another, we strongly advise him to collect all he can in the way of authentic anecdotes of the naval celebrities of that generation. By doing so, he will be seriously benefiting English biography and the memory of the heroes with whom he fought in his youth.

Memoirs of Hugh Edwin Strickland, M.A., Deputy Reader of Geology in Oxford. By Sir William Jardine, Bart. (Van Voorst.)

THIS handsome volume appears as a *monolith*, erected to the honour of one who in the midst of his days, at the age of forty-two, was hurried away from us by a memorable disaster. Hugh Edwin Strickland was indeed little known beyond his own family circle, and the wider but still somewhat narrow circle of British naturalists. All, however, who knew him, loved and valued him in no common degree. A broken pillar might be his appropriate monument, for he is remembered less for what he has done than for what he was expected to do; and what, had he been spared to us, he assuredly would have done. We say this because, not only had he many natural advantages from the cast of his mind, but at least as many by the cast of his circumstances. He was born a geologist. Not only was he born with a geological hammer in his hand, but also "with a silver spoon in his mouth." Observe the effects of this difference in the two Hughs—Hugh Miller and Hugh Strickland. Hugh Miller was born with the hammer in his hand, but how hard and corneous did that hand become in the quarry and in the mason's yard, before it wielded the smooth pen of the scribe! Hugh Strickland, by his happier fortune, was spared manual labour, though he did not shun the mental toil essential to every accurate observer and recorder. Neither of these accomplished geologists lived out the term of his natural life, neither of them died a natural death; but had Hugh the mason been as happily circumstanced as Hugh the country gentleman, he might perhaps have been meditating at this hour upon other "new walks in an old field."

Much of general interest cannot be found in the Memoir—the materials of biography were very scanty, and the letters of the deceased mainly irrecoverable. Two of his scientific correspondents, when applied to for his letters, replied—the one, "that he never preserved letters," and the other, "that he burnt them all annually,"—certainly safe modes of avoiding trouble, and destroying the fruits of trouble. But Mr. Strickland began early in life to keep a journal, to make a sketch of his life, and to write accounts of what he saw on his travels. Thus we arrive at the knowledge of his early predilection for natural science, fostered partly

by the scenery of his birth-place—Righton, a small village situate between Bridlington and Scarborough, and looking down upon the beautiful Bay of Filey,—and partly by the accidental direction of his thoughts. The death-blow of all his hopes, he tells us, was the parental decision, that he "should go to Oxford in three or four years time." He would have preferred the high seas as a sailor, or the broad lands as a traveller. Destined, however, as he was to Oxford, a tutor was found for him in no less a personage than the afterwards celebrated Dr. Arnold. Writing from Laleham to Strickland's father, Arnold remarks, with much discrimination and prescience, "your son's abilities and comparative proficiency are certainly much above par; but I do not think he is [so] fond of history or moral and grammatical studies as opposed to natural history, [as] to warrant the expectation of his arriving at any high distinction in them." All that Arnold further added was verified in the subsequent course of his pupil. Yet, though he did not take to letters and logic at this age, we find him now sending his first contribution on a scientific subject to the *Mechanics Magazine*, viz., a 'Plan for Uniting a Windgauge with a Weather-cock,' by Boreas.

To Oxford he proceeds, passes his "Little-go," reads for honours, without apparently reaping them; but takes his degree of M.A., returns home, and enters keenly into his favourite pursuits. His father resided at that time in the Vale of Evesham, and that vicinity affords inexhaustible materials to the geologist. The riches of the Great Severn Valley began at that period to be developed by railway cuttings, and thereby attention was more extensively drawn to the half-known strata of the Keuper and New Red Sandstone. Mr. Strickland aimed to amass a collection of geological specimens, and to form a connection of geological friends. Mr. (now Sir Roderick) Murchison was enrolled amongst these, and his uniform kindness and advice were continued through a long period, Strickland being at one time the counselled and at another the counsellor. In 1835, Mr. Murchison visited his friend, and introduced "a Mr. Hamilton" to Strickland. From this introduction arose a mutual friendship, and a plan for a tour in Asia Minor, to explore the interior of that country. Away start the brace of young geologists, Asia Minor is the goal; but famous places, museums, men, and mountains, are to be visited by the way. Therefore, in Paris, our travellers seek out first of all the chief geologists, and find that "nothing is more remarkable than the unpretending abodes in which French gentlemen, even of the highest distinction, are satisfied to reside." M. Boué, M. von Buch, and M. Elie de Beaumont are seen, and each expresses great interest in the intended expedition to Asia Minor, while, naturally enough, each of them recommends attention in a special degree to those departments of science and geology in which he is most interested. M. Elie de Beaumont lays great stress on the direction and age of mountain chains, M. von Buch on volcanic phenomena and craters of elevation, and M. Boué on rocks and their mineral characters.

Strickland's journal-notes in passing through central France, and visiting the region of extinct volcanoes, show a thorough fitness for observation and a laudable desire for unadorned accuracy of detail. The reader may judge of his mode of viewing objects of natural interest from the following description of the Cavern of Adelsberg, in Austria:—

"The original rock of the cave has exactly the appearance of water-worn and weather-beaten rocks, or of ice which has been partially melted,

leaving a somewhat honey-combed surface. The breadth and height of the cave vary from 20 to 50 feet. The quantity of stalactites is immense. The length of time which some of these must have required for their formation is very great. In numerous cases the stalactites have united with the floor, forming massive columns four or five feet in diameter. These are clustered, sometimes like the pillars of a Gothic church, and in other cases single. Every stage in the formation of these columns may be traced. The incipient stalactite is accompanied by a slight protuberance in the floor beneath, as the process advances the protuberance rises, and the stalactite descends; the one becomes a pillar six or eight inches in diameter, and, perhaps, ten feet high; the other takes the form of an inverted cone suspended over it, at last they meet and form a solid column, supporting the roof. Such is the process when the water has a clear fall, but when it only trickles over the rock, its effect is to form a glazing with a rippled surface. In general the two processes are combined, and the result is to produce that extraordinary diversity of form which the stalactites assume. In some cases, where a narrow crack exists in the rock above, a thin sheet of stalactite follows the line of the crack, and hangs from it with irregular contortions, though with a uniform width. In one place a stalactite hangs against the slope of the rock, and has assumed exactly the form and folds of a piece of drapery, the water constantly trickling along its edge and adding to its size. The resemblance is increased by a double stripe of a darker colour running parallel to its lower edge, about three inches from it. This curious stalactite, which is called *Vorhang* or *Curtain*, is about half an inch in thickness, and very delicate and transparent. It is, perhaps, the most curious in the cave. To describe all the various forms would be endless."

The larger portion of the Memoir consists of the journal of this Asian tour. The same mental characteristics appear throughout; namely, clear narration of details, keenness of perception, and a cultivated taste. The whole scene is evidently viewed by the eye of the geologist; but his descriptions are *interstratified* here and there with a vein of classical lore and research. We have here no plays of fancy, no flights of imagination, no poetic enthusiasm, but the quiet intelligence of an Oxford M.A.; who, while he remembers Buckland's Lectures, does not forget Thucydides and Strabo; who can call up the classical memories associated with every famous locality—can examine Cyclopean walls and polygonal stones, and then make notes on volcanic districts, and wrap up numerous specimens of tertiary shells in the woolly portions of neighbouring plants.

From Zante, "a beautiful island, and at this season a perfect garden," Strickland felt bound to hasten homeward, for family reasons. He, therefore, leaves Mr. Hamilton to pursue his researches, the results of which are found in his well-known work on Asia Minor. Like a true naturalist, the subject of this Memoir arrives at home laden with a large collection of land-shells, and with numerous insects, in addition to his geological gatherings. Flying notes were made on flying birds, and a new and beautiful species of Bunting is described and figured, and named *Emberiza Cinerea* (Strickland): the specimen is still unique.

Home geology now assumes its place in Strickland's heart. He grows in knowledge and in reputation. He begins to be regarded as a fit man for consultation, and for editing and enlarging the 'Geology of Cheltenham,' which Murchison had drawn up. Ornithologists, too, have an eye to him, and he has an ear for them: the Prince of Canino corresponds with him. He frequents the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Strickland is the very man for the Association—willing to labour,—to labour without pay, and to pay for being allowed to labour!

Such a man is rare; therefore, he is of all others qualified "to draw up a series of rules with a view of establishing the nomenclature of Zoology, upon a uniform and permanent basis." The niceties of scientific nomenclature are indeed anything but luxurious indulgences; nor will more than one man in ten thousand contend "whether in the genitive the *i* should be doubled or not when the word finishes by a consonant." The Prince of Canino asserts that it should be *Stricklandi*, and not *Stricklandii*, for example; but a letter on this topic, of three large pages of print from the Prince, and another letter of no less than seven large pages of print from Agassiz, and in French, together with a reply of six pages from Strickland, are not likely to attract much attention in this age of superficial literature. Yet, in his treatment of nomenclature, in a paper entitled a 'Description of a Chart of the Natural Affinities of the Incessorial Order of Birds,' and also in other similar papers written about the same period, it is manifest that our friend would penetrate to the roots of every department of natural science which he takes in hand.

One important practical result comes out of all this correspondence and contemplation, and that is, the idea of a Society of Natural Historians who shall, by subscribing 1*l.* each per annum, and by serving themselves, secure the printing of a series of valuable memoirs and papers not likely to be published in any other way; since no publications are less generally acceptable, and none less remunerative. With Strickland originates the idea, and with others remains the work of carrying out the Ray Society. A good business head is evidently the adjunct of the gentleman before us, and this is essential, since, according to Edward Forbes, "there is no remuneration to naturalists in this world"—a *dictum* disproved by his own ultimate success, even in the meaner matter of pounds, shillings and pence; but true enough in the book-publishing part of the business. Like all other literary Societies, the Ray Society requires "a good steady secretary, a man of business, resident in London or Edinburgh, who shall have a small salary." Well, the Ray Society is established and goes on pleasantly until Lorenz Oken's 'Elements of Physio-philosophy' is published—"perhaps," says Sir William Jardine, "without sufficient consideration of the mind in this country." Strickland writes a sensible letter on this dangerous doing, beginning thus:—"I really think the wisest thing the Council can do, is to say nothing about it." A much wiser proceeding was the publication of Agassiz's 'Bibliographia Zoologie et Geologie,' although at a purchase-price of something like 300*l.*—not much indeed for a body of nearly 700 members—and at a cost to Strickland of very considerable gratuitous labour. Mr. Strickland was thrown into the society of his biographer by similarity of tastes and pursuits, and now this association becomes intimate and abiding; for on the 23rd of July, 1845, "Hugh Strickland was married at Jardine Hall to the second daughter of Sir William," and on the same afternoon he set out with his bride upon a tour to Sweden—not exactly the country we should choose upon such an occasion; but his first love, Geology, drew him thither, and the tour was pleasant. Although he thus gives hostages to Fortune against daring deeds of heroism, he shuns no labour that devolves upon him in his chosen pursuits. He edits the 'Bibliographia' of Agassiz, and proceeds with his own 'Ornithological Synonymes,' a very laborious undertaking, which he did not live to complete. Vol. I. 'Accipitres,' has appeared, edited by Mrs. Hugh Strickland and Sir W. Jardine; and in this volume alone

520 separate works are quoted or referred to. About this time he and Dr. Melville were seriously at work upon the history of the Dodo. At the meeting of the British Association in Oxford, Strickland gave an evening lecture upon this monstrous extinct bird. Milne-Edwards had brought over the bones from Paris; Glasgow had lent the bones of the Solitaire; the British Museum had put its foot in the matter; and Oxford, the original holder and destroyer of the source of our figures of the bird, had added what remained of her treasures in the Ashmolean. Thus the curators of five different public establishments brought and offered their gifts from east, west, north and south. The lecture was well received, and all went off well; but, alas, when Dr. Buckland rose to congratulate the reader, though commencing happily, he soon rambled over every conceivable subject, from the first missionary to the potato disease and the 'Penny Magazine.' The general company did not quite suspect the sad change—the once great mind had lost its balance! So was this occasion rendered mournfully memorable. Singular it was that the lecturer of that evening should be displaying the knowledge and acquirements which pointed him out as a fit successor to the very man who was then complimenting him in incoherent ramblings. The powers of the one culminated on the very night when, and in the very locality where, the powers of the other became clouded with the shadow of confusion!

Two good geologists are mentioned as possible successors to Dr. Buckland: these are Sir Charles Lyell and H. G. Strickland; yet some unwise Oxonians think of looking abroad for a successor. Dr. Daubeny, however, finding that Lyell would decline, proposes to Strickland to accept. This he does modestly, but with manliness. The most finished piece in the volume before us is, as we think, the brief paper on 'Geology in Relation to the Studies of the University of Oxford,' taken from the introductory lecture delivered at Michaelmas Term, 1850. In this he shows the advantages of the science merely as a pleasurable exercise of the mind; takes a comprehensive view of its present state, and assigns to it its true position. The first course of twelve lectures, delivered at Michaelmas Term, 1850 (after three lectures 'On the Chronology of the Ancient Earth,' as introductory to the whole subject), was devoted to the operations resulting from the action of fire and water. The second course, at Easter Term, 1851, continuing from the more simple aqueous action, treated of the second great agent, by a description of 'Volcanic Phenomena, the Elevation of Mountains, and other Disturbances affecting the Earth's Crust; the Principles of Geology; and earlier Stratified Deposits.' In their turn the Secondary and Tertiary Formations were lectured upon. The last course he was permitted to deliver, viz., at the Lent Term of 1853, carried on the subject to the 'History of Tertiary and Recent Epochs.' His first course was attended by eight pupils—his last, by eighteen. What more could be expected of a University where natural science ranks so low as it does at Oxford? True, that geological excursions attracted more—but how few when compared with a boat-race! "Oxford," we are informed, "was his darling—but," it is added, "he also saw her imperfections; and no opportunity was afterwards let slip to improve or reform, and to exalt her among the Universities."

He attended the Hull meeting of the British Association in 1853, proceeding thither and returning thence alone. Anxious to examine in his way home the cuttings in the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, near

Retford, with reference to a discussion at the late meeting, he got out from the carriage at Retford; the point of interest lying a short distance thence, at the deep cutting near Clarendon, where the railway enters the tunnel bearing the same name. He had proceeded upon the line to a point where there is a sharp curve. Two trains were coming up in opposite directions: one was seen, and to avoid it Strickland stepped upon the other side. Unfortunately, on this side also, an unseen passenger-train was rounding the commencement of the curve at a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. The driver reversed his engine, but in vain. Strickland's attention was fixed on the other train alone—this one, which was dooming him to death, he does not seem to have regarded for an instant. Death was certain and immediate—in one moment his spirit had passed away!

The 'Selection from the Scientific Writings' of Mr. Strickland, which forms about two-thirds of the whole volume, comprises 'Memoirs on the Geology of Asia Minor,' 'Memoirs on the Geology of Great Britain and Ireland,' 'Ornithological Memoirs,' and several good papers on 'Nomenclature and Classification.' A chronological list, in addition, of his whole writings, commencing in the year 1827, and ending in the year 1853, enumerates no less than 125 several papers and publications, including reviews, letters and communications to scientific and literary journals. Many of them are unimportant, but all are interesting to his friends. Some few were contributed to this journal, but most of them appeared in purely scientific periodicals, and Geology and Ornithology formed the subjects of the great majority. One paper, 'Upon the Affinities and Analogies of Organized Beings,' though brief, ascends to a somewhat higher region than is usual with him. The whole volume, however, is worthy of regard, and will repay the attention of all who are devoted to natural science. Two portraits of Strickland adorn it: that from a photograph in 1853 is very like and characteristic. It would be ungracious to find minor faults in what is so evidently a labour of love. Yet Sir William Jardine must forgive us if we remark, that the Barrow-on-Soar, which he places in Ireland (in p. cc.) was in Leicestershire when we last visited it!

In the concluding portion of the volume is reprinted Mr. Strickland's 'Report on the Recent Progress and Present State of Ornithology,' as rendered to the British Association. This displays much knowledge and discrimination, and taken together with his monograph on 'The Dodo and its Kindred,' places him in a high rank among ornithologists. On the whole, he stands forth as an example well worthy of imitation by all young country gentlemen and naturalists.

India in the Fifteenth Century, being a Collection of Narratives of Voyages to India in the Century preceding the Portuguese Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope, from Latin, Persian, Russian, and Italian Sources. Now first translated into English. Edited, with an Introduction, by R. H. Major, Esq. (Printed for the Hakluyt Society.)

From the earliest times—even from that remote day when King Solomon's fleet returned with "gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks"—India has been an object of especial interest to other lands. Although but little known, it was described by the "father of history" as the wealthiest and most populous country on the face of the earth. No wonder, therefore, that the Persian monarchs should seek to subdue it, and that Alexander should lead his vast army even to the banks of the Hyphasis. The dis-

content of his troops prevented, indeed, his conquest of India; but to that expedition "was due the commencement of that Indian trade which has subsequently proved of such vast importance to Europe." The expedition of Nearchus to survey the coasts from the mouth of the Indus to that of the Tigris proved to the enterprising merchants of Egypt, how easily the treasures of India might be conveyed by the Red Sea to Alexandria; and the establishment of the port of Berenice, under the Ptolemies, opened a direct communication with India, which, according to Major Rennell, extended to the extreme points of the Indian continent, and even up the Ganges to Palibothra. Thus Egypt became the principal point of communication between India and Europe.

Still, as Mr. Major remarks in his admirable Introduction—to which we are indebted for the foregoing account—little was known of the country, or its people, even down to the era of Roman domination, although Pliny estimated its yearly imports at a sum little less than a million and a half of our money, and which were sold, he tells us, at fully one hundred times their prime cost!—

"In the present advanced stage of our acquaintance with India, we are accustomed to receive from that country, in large supply, a vast variety of important articles, such as cotton, silk, wool, gums, spices, indigo, and coffee. In the days of which we write, commerce was confined to commodities more immediately meeting the requirements of the most luxurious subjects of a very luxurious kingdom. The importations at that time consisted mainly of precious stones and pearls, spices and silk. Diamonds and pearls, which history tells us were so much in demand amongst the Romans, were principally supplied from India. Spices, such as frankincense, cassia, and cinnamon, were largely used, not only in their religious worship, but in burning the bodies of the dead; and silk, at that time derived alone from India, was sought for eagerly by the wealthiest Roman ladies, and so late as the time of Aurelian, in the later half of the third century of our era, was valued at its weight in gold."

It is to Ptolemy, "the Hakluyt of that day," that we owe the first *unfabulous* description of India, especially with respect to its geography; but not until the reign of the Emperor Justinian do we meet with an account of India and its inhabitants, by one who had actually visited it. This was Cosmas, an Egyptian merchant, who made several voyages thither, and retiring, after the manner of those times, in his old age to a monastery, he composed several works, and among them one upon India. Ere long, in consequence of the spread of Mohammedanism, Europe became almost wholly excluded from Eastern commerce, which now passed into the hands of the Kalifs,—Omar having founded the city of Busrah, between the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates and the Persian Gulf, expressly for the shipping engaged in the Indian trade.

"We find from the narratives of the celebrated Arabian traveller and historian Mas'udi, who wrote at the beginning of the tenth century, and of Ibn Haukal, also an Arabian traveller, who visited India a short time after Mas'udi, that although the Arabs, who in the course of the seventh and eighth centuries made several descents upon the coasts of Guzerat, the Gulf of Cambay, and Malabar, made no fixed stay on these coasts, nevertheless a considerable number of individual merchants established themselves there, and the Arab name was held in high respect in the country. They both agree that Muhammadanism had begun to develop itself. The Mussulmans had erected mosques, and were in the habit of publicly celebrating their five prayers in the day. The part of India with which the Arabs had the least intercourse was Hindustan properly so called, namely, the country watered by

the Jumna and the Ganges, from the Punjab to the Sunderbunds."

But whatever limit may be assigned to the advance of the Mohammedans into the interior of the country, it is certain that they obtained a monopoly of Indian commerce. The decline of the empire of the Kalifs, and subsequently the Crusades, first directed the attention of the rising cities of Italy to the lucrative commerce of the East; and the merchants of Amalfi, Venice, Genoa, Florence, gaining ere long permission to settle at Acre, Aleppo, and other towns on the coast of Syria, again revived the commercial connexions of Europe with India. In the hands of these merchants—especially the Venetians—the trade continued, until the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope transferred the commerce of the East to the enterprising Portuguese mariners.

Still, during all these centuries, India remained almost a "terra incognita," even to the merchants who derived their wealth from thence; and for the earliest account of it, subsequently to that of Cosmas, we must look to the curious narrative of a Chinese named Hiouen-tsang, who, between the years 629 and 645 traversed Tartary, Cashmir, and the Punjab, returning through the lower countries watered by the Ganges, subsequently visiting the greater portion of the peninsula of Hindustan. The next account is by a Mohammedan merchant, Soliman, who, in the ninth century, travelled through India, and even visited the kingdom of Siam. The next traveller it will surprise, pleasantly surprise, the reader to find, was no other than our old friend Sindbad the Sailor, so long considered as a myth, and whose voyages—the delight of everybody's childhood—have so long been regarded, as the Editor truly says, "as nothing better than the responses of the fair Princess Scheherazade to the never-ending request of her sister Dinarzade: Sister, if you are not sleepy, tell us one of those beautiful stories of yours"; but which have been proved to be "a distinct and separate work in Arabic," although inserted in the 'Thousand and One Nights'; and they are considered to have been written during the ninth century. In a most interesting epitome of these seven voyages, Mr. Major shows how many of the supposed fictions have been proved by later research to be realities. Among these he instances the fish like an ox, the old man of the sea, the method of procuring diamonds, the gigantic tortoise, the gigantic serpents, and the still more gigantic roc. In regard to this enormous bird, it is curious to mark the numerous testimonies from writers who could not possibly have any communication with each other, as to its actual existence. To these has been added, of late years, the unquestionable testimony of gigantic bones and eggs found in Madagascar; and the following curious fact supplied by the editor seems to place the existence of the roc beyond all doubt:

"On maps of the close of the sixteenth century, where the great Terra Australis Incognita, or Magellanica, is laid down, there will be found immediately south of the Cape of Good Hope, and therefore tallying with Marco Polo's account, this legend: 'Pittacorum regio, sic a Lusitanis appellata ob incredibilem earum avium ibidem magnitudinem.' The editor has been unable to discover the voyage in which these birds were observed, but it is alike certain that many early voyages of the Portuguese have been lost to us, and that portions of the great southern continent have been from time to time more recently discovered. Whatever doubt may exist as to the probability of large birds, like parrots, being found in a country as yet undiscovered south of Africa, it is at least remarkable that Portuguese navigators should have indicated the existence of birds of incredible size in

the same regions as those from which Marco Polo makes the rukh to have come. In any case, it is satisfactory to know that modern investigation has proved the existence of birds in former times, whose size would alike show that the ancient fable was based upon truth, and would present no small temptation to the exaggerative tendencies of orientalists."

The next traveller who visited India was a European, the Spanish Jew, Benjamin of Tudela, who commenced his travels in 1159-60, and in the course of thirteen or fourteen years visited the East, of which he has left a most interesting account. That portion which relates to India, the editor has inserted here. More than a century passed by, and then Marco Polo, "the great father of modern geography," set forth in 1271 on his journey to the court of Kublai Khan, from whence, after seventeen years' residence, he proceeded to India by sea, visiting Sumatra, the Andaman Islands, stopping at Ceylon, and from thence proceeding to the coast of Coromandel, then along the coasts of Malabar and Guzerat, and homeward across the Indian Ocean. His travels were "long the general manual of Asiatic geography throughout the whole of Europe." The next traveller who has left us an account of his journeys was Ibn Batuta, who set out to the East from his native city Tangier in 1324, and continued his wanderings for thirty years.

The next traveller to India was Nicolò de Conti, whose narrative forms the second in the volume before us. He was a Venetian of noble family, who resided as a merchant at Damascus, from whence he travelled through Persia into Hindustan, visiting the islands of Ceylon, Sumatra, and Java. After long absence, he returned to Venice in 1444, and seeking absolution from the Pope (Eugenius the Fourth) for his compulsory apostasy, he was awarded the easy penance of simply relating to the Pope's secretary, Poggio Bracciolini, his adventures in these far-off regions. This narrative is now translated for the first time by Mr. Winter Jones, from the original Latin; and it gives a very naïve and simple account of how the traveller, quitting Damascus, proceeded across the Desert to Bagdad, and from thence sailed to Bussorah, and then visited many great cities in India,—the city of Bizenegalia among the rest (Vijayanagar, at this time the capital of the mightiest kingdom in India), which he represents as being sixty miles in circumference and singularly wealthy and populous. He subsequently visited Ceylon, which he describes; and, after visiting many other places, sailed up the Ganges, coming, at the end of fifteen days, to a large and wealthy city, which he calls Cernove, supposed to be Karunagar, and where the huge size of the "reeds," as he calls the bamboos, surprise him as much as they did Mandeville a century before. Proceeding up the Ganges, he passed four "very famous cities,"—and at length landed at one which he calls Maarazia (supposed to be Mathura), and which he describes as abounding in riches, especially gold and precious stones. Returning, he visited Arracan, Ava, Siam, and Pegu, and from thence sailed to Java and Sumatra. Of both these islands he gives very accurate descriptions, remarking upon the ferocious habits of the natives, and their extreme love of gambling and cock-fighting.

The next voyage in this collection in point of time is that of Abd-er-Razzak, a Persian, who in 1441 was sent on an important mission to one of the kings of India by Shah Rukh. This is a most amusing and characteristic narrative, full of Orientalisms both in phrase and thought, and interspersed with snatches of the most extravagant poetry and the most high-

flown sentences. Thus, it begins—"Every man, the eyes of whose intelligence are illuminated by the light of truth, and whose soul, like a bird, soars with fixedness of vision into the regions of knowledge, has observed with certainty," &c. In the same high-flown language Abd-er-Razzak tells us how he received orders from "the happy Khakan" to take his departure for India, and how he set forth and visited Ormuz, with which he was greatly delighted,—and then went on board the vessel appointed to convey him, where "all the terrors of the sea" presenting themselves to his imagination, he "fell into so deep a swoon that for three days respiration alone indicated that life remained within me." In consequence, he disembarked, and proceeded to a neighbouring town, where soon after he suffered so much from the heat, that it "overturned the tent of my bodily health," and he celebrates this new annoyance in some curious verses, which end thus:—

In the plains the chase became a matter of perfect ease,
For the desert was filled with roasted gazelles.

At length he arrived at Calicut, where the sight of the black population filled him with horror, although he bears testimony to the extraordinary probity of all classes. From Calicut he was conveyed to the kingdom of Bidjanagar (Vijayanagar), and past a succession of splendid cities to the chief city which bears the same name. According to the narrator, "the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it," and his description of its vast extent and beauty seems scarcely credible. It was inclosed by seven walls, and within the seventh was the king's palace.—

"The space which separates the first fortress from the second, and up to the third fortress, is filled with cultivated fields, and with houses and gardens. In the space from the third to the seventh one meets a numberless crowd of people, many shops, and a bazaar. At the gate of the king's palace are four bazaars, placed opposite each other. On the north is the portico of the palace of the *rai*. Above each bazaar is a lofty arcade with a magnificent gallery, but the audience hall of the king's palace is elevated above all the rest. The bazaars are extremely long and broad. The rose merchants place before their shops high *estrades*, on each side of which they expose their flowers for sale. In this place one sees a constant succession of sweet smelling and fresh looking roses. These people could not live without roses, and they look upon them as quite as necessary as food. Each class of men belonging to each profession has shops contiguous the one to the other; the jewellers sell publicly in the bazaar pearls, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. In this agreeable locality, as well as in the king's palace, one sees numerous running streams and canals formed of chiselled stone, polished and smooth. On the left of the Sultan's portico rises the *divan-khaneh* (the council-house), which is extremely large and looks like a palace. In front of it is a hall, the height of which is above the stature of a man, its length thirty ghez, and its breadth ten. In it is placed the *defter-khaneh* (the archives), and here sit the scribes."

Among the vast number of elephants, which are kept here with great care, was one extremely large and wholly white. "Every morning this animal is led out before the monarch, and the sight of him seems to act as a happy omen." Abd-er-Razzak tells some curious stories of the sagacity of these elephants, and in his account of a most gorgeous festival annually held describes the wonderful feats of skill which they are trained by the jugglers to perform. The whole account of this festival reads like an additional chapter of the Arabian Nights, and gives us a singular picture of the civilization as well as wealth of Central India in the fifteenth century.

The third narrative is that of Athanasius

Nitikin, a Russian, who about the year 1470 visited the kingdoms of the Deccan and Golconda for the purposes of commerce. His diary is rather curious than interesting, although his credulity is often amusing, and his quaint style is very characteristic of the devout, semi-barbarian Russian. The last traveller whose account is given in this volume is Hieronimo di Santo Stefano, a Genovese merchant. His narrative is little more than a recital of the misfortunes which befell him in his journey from Cairo to India, at the close of this century. It is very short, but is important as incidentally confirming the statements of preceding travellers.

In closing this very interesting volume, we must again express our thanks to the Hakluyt Society for the information the present publication supplies, and especially are our thanks due to the Editor for his elaborate and valuable Introduction.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B.—2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

FOR some twenty years past—ever since that hot midsummer night when a handful of languid people gathered in the *Théâtre Français* were startled as if a thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of them, by the sudden outbreaking of a new tragic actress, in a half childlike, not well-looking Jewess—this journal has written the history of Rachel's triumphs, caprices, lawsuits, exactions, hasty journeys, and enormous gains;—and some attempt has been made, as Time has proceeded, to characterize her singular and clearly-marked genius, and its changes,—or rather its want of change. The other day [*Athen.* No. 1576], when, at last, the family cupidity brought its own wages,—when the gifted daughter of Israel died, after months of painful disease, brought on by her American expedition,—the known events of her life, and the peculiarities of her style as an artist, were sketched briefly here,—leaving not much concerning her to be said, unless some new stores of material were brought before us.—Since January, that pleasant personage, M. Jules Lecomte, raked out a heap of the deceased woman's letters, and published them; and, with the letters, an assortment of traits, exhibiting Rachel in no favourable light as a woman, a comrade, and a friend. We thought it just possible that Madame de B.—'s book might be more kindly in its tone; with pleas of mitigation or softening details to fill up the austere, angular, meagre outline left us in portraiture of the dead Queen of the Stage. But it is not so. The two volumes—great part of which is said to have been written during Rachel's lifetime—contain little that has not been told before; and, mostly, told better. The authoress—however deliberate—has written with singular carelessness; further, she seems to have let the press correct itself;—since we find, in some places, a looseness of statement, and everywhere an amount of mistake in the rendering of well-known names,—both of which are curious as coming from one who is apparently conversant with the *salons*, the *coulisses*, and the printing-offices of Paris. Fancy (to give one example) such an entry as the following, relating to the year 1854!—

"Miss Smithson, the English actress who had made so favourable an impression in France, died in the spring of this year. The French critics exhausted every expression of regret on this untimely loss."

—Miss Smithson had retired from the stage on her marriage with M. Berlioz, twenty years ere her "untimely loss" came to be lamented! This is but one of many examples.

On the other hand, Madame de B.—is at once more minute and less scrupulous in the

execution of her task than good taste warrants. There can be small difference of opinion that she was right in abstaining from everything save the most general allusion to the love affairs of her heroine. There is, again, little sympathy abroad in the world for Rachel's surviving relatives; but the reserve which kept Madame de B.— from one chapter of the scandalous chronicle might have been extended a little further without detriment. Father, mother,—Raphael the rapacious—Sarah the violent—Dinah and Leah, and the rest of the happy household, are "shown up" by Rachel's memorialist with a hard-hearted composure which borders on offence. A more disagreeable family-piece was never painted;—the one redeeming feature in it being a certain clinging, clannish, animal affection, which made, and makes, the whole party (who are still alive) unite in spoiling the Egyptians with one accord,—but also in clinging to one another in sickness and sorrow. Death apparently breaks up the tie, or rather flings it into the melting-pot. Memories seem precious in the family Felix—so far as they can fetch money!

But, indeed, such appears to have been the case with Rachel herself. We knew how she wrangled and grasped for gain,—how she flew about while pretending to be half dead with professional Parisian fatigue wherever an extra *rouleau* was to be found in a provincial theatre; yet we were hardly prepared to see her fair fame branded with devices that *Becky Sharp* need not have disdained. Her lying, her begging for presents, her promising favours she never meant to fulfil, had been hinted and winked at. What follows is something graver.—

"To gratify this insatiate desire to add continually to her store, Rachel is said to have tasked her inventive powers, and generally with the success that attended all her undertakings. The following anecdote was current among her acquaintances:—On one occasion she announced to her numerous friends and admirers that she had a perfect passion for emeralds, and intended making a collection of those beautiful gems. For this purpose she had already procured a very fine one, which she complacently exhibited to one of the titled sons of fortune who followed in the train of the tragic muse, as the gift of a competitor in the race for her good graces. The appeal was understood and responded to with a contribution of course more valuable than the specimen exhibited, the last gift in turn doing duty as a decoy to draw others, until the collection was as large as it was rich and rare—no one being willing to be outdone by his predecessor. This manoeuvre, varied according to the victim played upon, brought into the lady's jewel-casket some thirty or forty of the finest emeralds in Paris, each gem set with more or less magnificence, and some surrounded with brilliants. The following year the whim was for rubies, and finally the lady raised a sapphire tax. When her ingenuity or the generosity of her contributors was exhausted, a jeweller was sent for, to whom the valued and valuable souvenirs were sold for the price that could be obtained—the money was put where it brought in better interest than in its former more brilliant but less profitable shape. The story of the guitar has been told in a variety of ways: the following is reported to be the most authentic version:—Every one has heard of the grand vizier who had once been a shepherd-boy, and who, having attained to the summit of power, desirous of being kept in remembrance of his early poverty, had hung up in a room of his sumptuous palace the humble garb, the shepherd's crook of his boyhood. A report was long afloat that, following this excellent example, Mademoiselle Rachel had hung on her gilded walls the time-worn guitar of the barefooted street minstrel. The groundwork of this affecting anecdote is quite true—there is or was a guitar, and that guitar occupied a conspicuous and honourable place

among the splendid ornaments of Mademoiselle Rachel's boudoir. The celebrated artist had noticed at the house of a friend a guitar of most respectable antiquity, the original colour of which had long ago disappeared under the thick black crust with which time had coated it.—'Are you much attached to that piece of lumber?' quoth Rachel to Madame S., the owner.—'Would you mind giving it to me?'—'Oh! no, indeed,' was the reply, 'I shall be glad to get rid of it.' The maid was sent off with the guitar to Rachel's lodgings. A few days after it was the turn of an intimate male friend to notice the instrument, but this time it hung enveloped in a beautiful silk net, through the bright meshes of which its black back was plainly visible, on the gilded wall of an elegant boudoir.—'What in the world have you there?' quoth the visitor.—'That,' said Rachel, assuming a sentimental attitude, 'that is the humble guitar, the faithful companion with which, in the days of my childhood, I earned the scanty pittance bestowed on the poor little street-singer.'—'Good Heavens! can it be possible! How very interesting! Oh, I beg, I entreat you to let me become the fortunate possessor of that inestimable treasure! To me, to the world, to history, a precious memento—to future generations a priceless legacy!' exclaimed Mr.—in the glow of his enthusiasm.—'Oh, I can never, never consent to part with it.'—'I must have it, at any cost; do not deny me this gift, to be held as a sacred relic; and permit me to offer you as a poor exchange, the set of diamonds and rubies you appeared to admire some days ago at the jeweller's.'—'Ah, well!' quoth the tragic muse, heaving a deep sigh, 'since you will have it, I cannot refuse you.' The historical instrument obtained so cheaply, at a cost of some 50,000*fr.* was triumphantly installed in the aristocratic apartment of its new owner, who exhibited it to every caller, narrating its pathetic origin with the emphatic delivery of a showman at a fair. Unfortunately the original possessor happened to have occasion to call on the noble count, and, recognizing the present she had made to Rachel, uttered an exclamation of surprise. An explanation, given without malice preposse, for Madame S., quite ignorant of the mischief she was doing, destroyed the romance attached to the relic so dearly purchased. Rachel repented too late not having warned her unconscious accomplice. As for the count he could not forgive himself for having been so readily the dupe of his own unsuspecting enthusiasm. Some one who heard of this successful little speculation and somewhat doubted its truth, mentioned the report to Mlle. Rachel, thinking to hear her give it an indignant denial. But the heroine only laughed, exclaiming: 'Poor—how furious he was!'

The above, it is reported, smacks too much of the Lecomte style of evidence to be consistent as a warrant coming from a biographer who has professed aversion of scandal in her Preface. We fancy that the tone of our comment may be extended to many of Madame de B.—'s anecdotes. One, as illustrating the ready wit of Rachel, the memorialist tells—declaring that she does not herself believe it! It was on the eve of her departure from Russia, on the eve too of the war breaking out, that—"a dinner had been offered to the French Melpomene, and the young military guests were speaking of the possibility that the sword might be called to sever the Gordian knot that diplomacy seemed to despair of ever loosening. 'We shall not bid you adieu, but *au revoir*, mademoiselle,' quoth one of the gay sons of Mars to the *tragédienne*; 'we hope soon to applaud you in the capital of France, and to drink your health in its excellent wines.'—'Nay, messieurs,' replied she; 'France will not be rich enough to afford champagne to all her prisoners.'"

The following, too (recorded we submit in no very Christian spirit), is probably apocryphal,—but as a feverish death-scene it is striking:—

"Rebecca was—and deservedly so—the favourite sister of the *tragédienne*. We have seen, by her letter to M. Legouvé, that, on her return from

Russia, she had hastened to visit the dear sufferer then in the Pyrenees, where she was waiting to take the Eaux Bonnes. When her *compè* expired she was compelled to resume her duties at the *Théâtre Français*. She continued, notwithstanding, her watchful care over her sister, and, while acting twice a week, managed to perform the journey to and fro thrice in as many weeks. An incident occurred during one of these flying trips which proves not only the excitable nature of Rachel, but also that the visit to the Vatican had made a more permanent impression than was supposed. The disease, according to the wont of that treacherous malady, had appeared to take a favourable turn; the alarming symptoms had momentarily vanished, the patient was suddenly relieved. Mlle. Rachel, who had been a constant attendant for some days, took the opportunity to go and see Sarah, who was confined by some temporary indisposition to her own lodgings. Several friends were assembled in the room, and, exhilarated by the good news she had brought and the hopes all hastened to build on the change, Mlle. Rachel began to chat and laugh quite merrily. In the midst of this exuberant gaiety her maid broke into the room in a state of great excitement; a fit had come on, the patient was in much danger, the physician desired Mlle. Rachel's immediate presence. Rising with the bound of a wounded tigress, the *tragédienne* seemed to seek, bewildered, some cause for the blow that fell thus unexpectedly. Her eye lighted on a rosary blessed by the Pope, and which she had worn round her arm as a bracelet ever since her visit to Rome. Without, perhaps, accounting to herself for the belief, she had attached some talismanic virtue to the beads. Now, however, in the height of her rage and disappointment she tore them from her wrist, and dashing them to the ground, exclaimed: 'Oh! fatal gift; 'tis thou hast entailed this curse upon me!' With these words she sprang out of the room, leaving every one in mute astonishment at her frantic action. On the 23rd of June, four sisters and another brought back to the father's house in Paris the body of the lamented lost one. On the day of the burial a scene took place of the most moving description, and in which the different tempers of two of the survivors were brought to light very forcibly. There is a rite among the Jews denominated the *Pardon*. Before the body of a deceased child of Israel is carried out to be buried, the relatives, one after the other, go up to it, and calling out the name several times, invoke forgiveness for any ill examples or ill treatment they may have been guilty of towards the deceased when living, ending with the repetition three times of the word *Pardon! pardon! pardon!* When it came to Sarah's turn, the consciousness of her manifold errors came over with terrible force, and, joined to the horror and grief of the moment, so overpowered that sensitive, excitable, passionate nature, that, falling prostrate on the ground, she shrieked the name of the dead one in heart-rending tones, calling with sobs and tears for forgiveness. There were two strangers present, two Christians, the actor Laferrière, and a lady. When Sarah was raised and taken out, the mother said hurriedly to the Christians:—'It is Rachel's turn now; for God's sake, go; do not look at her, do not stop.'—'No,' added young Dinah, 'don't stay—don't let Rachel think you watch her.'—The consciousness all the family had of Rachel's reserved, peculiar disposition, and the respect with which they submitted to its exactions, is surprising. The strangers of course withdrew, but not before they had caught a glimpse of Rachel, led by her father, approaching mute, with brow deeply gathered, while all the other members of the family stood aside, seemingly dreading what was coming."

Have not our readers had enough of this ripping-up of the faults, follies, and meannesses of one who still had the grace of remarkable genius intermixed with all her fault, and folly, and meanness? We fancy so. Madame de B— seems to have apprehended Rachel's genius imperfectly. At all events, she describes it awkwardly. Chapter is added to chapter concerning the plays in which the tragedian ap-

peared,—tale on tale is told of her triumphs; but no future historian of the French theatre who has not for himself watched the fatal eye with which *Roxane* accompanied her "*Sortez!*"—or the fanatic burst on the stage of *Pauline*, when she exclaimed "*Je crois!*" (to our fancy about as Pagan a declaration in its ferocity as ever convert indulged in)—who has not for himself heard *Camille's* agonized cry, "*O, mon cher Curiaze!*"—would be able to gather from Madame de B—'s empty and inflated dissertation in what respect "the muse of Israel" differed from Mars and Dorval, or from the Tragedy Queen regnant, Madame Ristori. The two pages of description in Miss Brontë's "*Villette*" have in them more real appreciation and greater nicety of touch than the six hundred pages of this unsatisfactory and pretending book.—But "a touch of nature" or two from the dreary closing scenes of the life which the public favourite had bartered away, clinging to it after her bargaining with all the passion and perversity of her nature, are worth giving:—

"The 15th of September was the day fixed for her departure [to the South of France]. * * * Rachel was under the influence of some such occult and inexplicable inspiration during the night that preceded her departure for the South of France. Her sleep was of short duration, and although nothing required she should rise early, tormented by an anxious wish to see once more a spot associated with the most memorable events of her life, she was dressed long before the dawning of the tardy autumnal day. To those who remonstrated on her early rising she peremptorily replied she had a pilgrimage to perform before she left Paris, and that her family could meet, and take leave of her at the station. From her residence in the Place Royale, which she was never to re-enter alive, she drove, passing by the Gymnase, to the *Théâtre Français*, and ordering the carriage to stop before it, remained long gazing at the house that had been the scene of her first *débuts* and of fifteen of the most brilliant years of her career. God only knows what her reflections were, as mute and absorbed in thought, she contemplated the doors which she had entered poor, timid, and unknown, to leave rich, proud, and celebrated. When first she had crossed yon threshold she possessed none of Fortune's gifts, but she was full of hope, of life! Now, she was rich in all the world prizes, but her cup of life was nearly empty, and, for her hopes they were faint indeed! A friend at last roused her from the meditations in which, regardless of the hour, she was indulging, and hurried her off. She leaned her head out of the window as long as the building remained in sight. When she reached the station she spoke but little, bidding, with a sad smile only, what proved to many of the friends assembled there, a last adieu. She was carried in a chair from the station to the railway carriage, for she was no longer able to walk."

One word more:—

"After having clung so despairingly to life, as the term approached she would at times speak of it calmly, though in reality her hopes were never quite extinguished. A week before her death she admitted a stranger of distinction to see her, and seemed gratified with the sympathy he expressed. To the never-failing request for her autograph, she replied: 'Ah, you do well to ask for it now, it will soon be too late!' She then wrote on a sheet of paper: 'In a week from now I shall begin to be food for worms, and for writers of biographies. RACHEL.'"

The above may be only such tales as came from M. Lecomte's mint; but they have a sad and sinister probability, and thus end the tragedy in the tone and *costume* of its beginning and middle.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The Natural History of British Meadows and Pastoral Grasses. By James Buckman. (Hamilton & Co.)—The study of the economy of the family of grasses is very important in an agricul-

tural point of view, and from time to time elaborate monographs such as Sinclair's '*Graminea Wotamensis*' have been published in this country. These are too expensive for general use, and this little epitome of Prof. Buckman's will not only be found useful where these cannot be obtained, but he has added a large amount of valuable observations of his own. In fact, every portion of this book gives indications of the author's practical acquaintance with the subject on which he writes. The work is divided into three parts:—1. The Natural History of British Grasses; 2. Their Structure and Economy; 3. Their Agricultural Economy. In the latter part of the work the author gives the results of numerous experiments which he has made in the growth of the British grasses in his experimental garden at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester. To the agriculturist desirous of improving the character of his pasture lands, Prof. Buckman's book will be found a useful guide.

The Practical Naturalist's Guide, containing Instructions for Collecting, Preparing, and Preserving Specimens of all Departments of Zoology. By James Boyd Davies. (Edinburgh, MacLachlan & Stewart; London, Simpkin & Marshall.)—This is a book that was much wanted, and will do good service to natural history. Although some super-sensual naturalists regard specimens as useless and museums a bore, the great mass of those who study natural history will ever be anxious to preserve specimens in which they have taken interest, both for the purpose of refreshing their memories and for further comparison. Museums are, in fact, the great means of epitomizing the natural history of the world, and of rendering it possible to impart a knowledge of the principles of natural history science to those who are removed from the localities in which minerals, plants, or animals have been produced. There is no question, however, that museums may be abused, and many a man has lost the spirit and aim of the philosopher in the vanity and ostentation of the collector. To those who know how to use specimens aright Mr. Davies's manual will be invaluable. He has given ample instructions for the preservation of all sorts of animals and their parts, from the huge Proboscidea and Cetacea down to the microscopic forms of the Protozoa. The means of taking animals both on the land and in the water are detailed. There is a good chapter on dredging, and the taking of marine animals by the haul-net and towing-net, also a series of receipts for making solutions and pastes in which to preserve animals. The author would have made his work more generally useful had he included directions for the making of microscopic cabinets and the preparation of microscopic objects. In another edition he will probably adopt this hint.

A Manual Flora of Madeira and the Adjacent Islands of Porto Santo and the Desertas. By Richard Thomas Lowe, M.A. (Van Voorst.)—The Flora of Madeira has an especial interest to the botanist, on account of its connexion with the Floras of surrounding continents. Tolerably accurate lists of the plants of this island have been before published, but none of them can be compared for extent and accuracy with the present work by Mr. Lowe. The present is, however, only a first part, embracing the Thalamifloral Exogens. It is not a list of the plants of Madeira, with their localities, but a description of every species, with the character of the genera, orders, and classes. The descriptions of the plants are fuller and more complete than is usual in manuals of botany, hence it will be found of greater service to those who are entering on the study of botany, or who do not possess in other works an account of the plants referred to. Mr. Lowe has also added notes on the rarer or more interesting species, which will be found most valuable to those studying the botany of this part of the world. The present work is intended, should the author's health permit, as only one of a series of manuals on the natural history of Madeira. Such works as these, and the valuable work of Mr. Wollaston on the Insects of Madeira, will supply those who are seeking health in that part of the world with a means of studying the natural history of this island, in the pursuit of

which they will not only have an interesting occupation, but one that must be conducive to the health which so large a number of the casual population of Madeira are seeking.

A Compendium of Qualitative Analysis from the Simplest to the most Complex Cases. Arranged in a Series of Tables. By Frederick W. Griffin, Ph.D. (Simpson & Co.)—The author of these Tables is Director of the Bristol School of Chemistry, and, as far as we have been able to examine them, they appear to be compiled with great care, the result of a practical acquaintance with the details of qualitative analysis. For the purposes of reference whilst work is going on in the laboratory, the tabular form is much more convenient than that of a book. The junior student will find these tables of use as a guide in his progress, whilst the more advanced chemist will find them economically valuable for the purpose of refreshing his memory.

Memorials of an only Daughter. By her Mother, the Authoress of 'The Shady Side.' (Low & Co.)—Biography ought to be a labour of love—and though when written by a mother too much love may seem to render the portrait "flattered" to the eyes of the indifferent, still that love gives a tender grace and a truth too that lies deeper than the mere surface of fact or incident, a grace and truth with which no stranger may meddle. Only a portion of this 'Memorial' is written by the mother, who herself was called hence before her task was done. Mary Hubbell, the subject of this memoir, was the daughter of an American congregational minister. She died of consumption before she was twenty. To those who read the memoir, it seems impossible that it could have been otherwise. Her whole character and tone of mind partake of the peculiar beauty and delicacy which characterizes her malady. Her letters, full of gentle poetical fancy and clinging tenderness, breathe of a nature for which an early grave was the only goal. It is not a healthy book: it does not deal with a healthy development of mind. The perusal of it will not brace or strengthen the hearts of young readers. There is no denying its touching and melancholy charm, but it is not a book we would put into the hands of an impressionable young person.

John H. Steggall: a Real History of a Suffolk Man, who has been a Gipsy, a Sailor, a Soldier, a Surgeon, a Fellow-commoner of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and is now a Clergyman—a Curate of many years' standing in the Church of England. Narrated by Himself. Edited by the Author of 'Margaret Catchpole.' (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—It may be said of this book, as of some degenerate nobles, that its title is the best part of it;—and its promise reminds one of the Maltese saying, that a Maltese can get fish, flesh, and fowl, for a halfpenny a day. What we mean by these illustrations is, that the promise of interest given by Mr. Steggall through his Editor, is not adequately performed by either of them. The book is certainly worth reading, but it is not so well worth reading as a book recording such vicissitudes should have been. Whether it is, that in proportion as the author grew respectable he grew dull, we do not know, but certainly the "gipsy" part is much the best, and the work grows worse as the author rises higher. Another remark we have to make is, that he delayed too long recording his reminiscences. The freshness of sensation had gone off, apparently,—and hence a pervading habit of moralizing on every incident, most proper, and becoming no doubt, in an old man reviewing his life; but which, inevitably, spoils the artistic effect, and tends to turn the tale into a sermon. Of course, a sermon may be a very good thing; but when it is a tale that we are asked to sit down to, it is the qualities of a tale that we are apt to think of, and anticipate. So much we are bound to say, in passing a literary judgment on a book which necessarily comes before us as a contribution to literature. But the editor, Mr. Cobbold, further expresses a hope that its success may benefit the author in his old age. This is a point altogether distinct from the point on which criticism is invited when the work is issued to seek its fortune on its own merits. With it, properly, a reviewer has nothing

to do, further than to say that the narrative, however written, appears to be authentic, and certainly exhibits a remarkable series of adventures to be gone through by one individual in an age which rather plumes itself on not being romantic.

Philological Studies—[Estudios Filológicos]. By Manuel Martinez de Morenton. (Trübner & Co.)—The philology in question belongs to the Spanish tongue, and the very handsome volume in which the 'Studies' are contained answers two distinct purposes. In the first place we have a number of essays on the chief peculiarities of the language, such as the distinctive use of the auxiliaries, "ser" and "estar,"—of the prepositions, "por" and "para,"—of the tenses of the subjunctive mood, &c.; in the second place we have a number of extracts in prose and verse, as in an ordinary reading-book. By writing his volume (Preface and all) in Spanish, Señor Morenton has confined the use of it to more advanced students, but these will find themselves provided with a very fair mass of reading.

Some Observations upon the Recent Addition of a Reading-Room to the British Museum, by Mr. William Hosking, is an elaborate statement with quotations of correspondence, partially descriptive, partly controversial, accompanied by an interesting series of plans, sections and other illustrations.—Belonging to the same class of miscellanies is a pamphlet entitled *Boyd's Marine Viaduct, or Continental Railway Bridge between England and France*, containing a proposal to throw a viaduct from Dover to Calais upon the tubular principle, resting upon sunk pyramids and mighty columnar buttresses, surmounted by far-gleaming lanterns.—Mr. P. S. Hamilton, in *Nova Scotia as a Field of Emigration* (published by authority of the Provincial Parliament), does good service to a somewhat neglected colony.—*Ottawa, the Future Capital of Canada*, is a useful description of the city and country, with practical hints to emigrants.—Mr. Frederick Smith publishes, in folio, *Reasons for Supporting the Construction of Two Intercepting Tunnel Sewers*, with citations of evidence.—*The Fourth Report of the Postmaster-General on the Post-Office* deserves to be styled entertaining, which can be said of few statistical publications.—From these old and permanent topics passing to others of a more special and temporary character, we have a new batch of varieties elicited by recent occurrences in France:—*The Speech of Mr. Edwin James in Defence of Dr. Simon Bernard*, of course edited by J. G. Allan.—*To Louis Napoleon*, a penetrating invective, by Joseph Mazzini.—*The Two Napoleons and England: Two Pages of History*, by the Author of 'The Late Policy of Modern Europe,'—*England's Dominant Strength*, a demand for national defences, by "An Englishman,"—*What is the Position of Foreigners under our Law as it at present stands? How would the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, if passed, affect them?* by F. S. MacGachen.—*A Voice from England, in Answer to L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Angleterre*, by "An Englishman out of Office,"—and *France or England—[La France ou l'Angleterre]*—*Russian Notes on the Attempt of the 14th of January*, by "Isander," otherwise M. Alexander Herzen.—M. Herzen also issues a pamphlet of historical criticism, *The Russian Conspiracy of 1825—[La Conspiration Russe, &c.]*, with a letter on the emancipation of the Russian serfs.

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SIR ROBERT'S SAILOR SON.

OUR England hath no need to raise
The Ghosts of Glories gone;
Such Heroes dying in our days
Still toss the live torch on.
Brave blood as bright a crimson gleams,
Still burns as goodly a seal;
The old heroic radiance beams
In Men like William Peel.

Oh, he was just a warrior for
A weary working day!
So kind in peace, so stern in war,
He walkt our English way,
With beautiful bravery clothed on,
And such high moral grace;
A light of rare soul-armour shone
Out of his noble face.

How, like a Battle brand red-hot,
His spirit grew, and glowed,
When in his swift war Chariot
The Avenger rose, and rode!
His Sailors loved him so on deck,
So cheery was his call,
They leapt on land, and in his wake
Followed him, Guns and all.
Sleep, Sailor darling, leal and brave,
With our dead Soldiers sleep!
That so, the land you lived to save,
You shall have died to keep.
You might have wished the dear Sea-blue
To have folded round your breast;
But God had other work for you,
And other place of rest.

We tried to reach you with our wreath
When living, but, laid low,
You grow so grand! and after death
The dearth deepens so!
To have gone so soon, so loved to have died,
So young to wear that crown,
We think. But with such thrills of pride
As shake the last tears down.
God rest you, gallant William Peel,
With those whom England leaves
Scattered,—as still she plies her steel,—
But God gleams up in sheaves.
We'll tell the tale on land, on board,
Till Boys shall feel as Men,
And forests of hands clutch at this Sword
Death gives us back again.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

The annual Visitation of the Royal Observatory was held on Saturday last, on which occasion the Astronomer Royal submitted a Report of the Proceedings of the Observatory during the past year to the Board of Visitors. The principal and most interesting features of the Report are as follows:—In the older parts of the Observatory buildings the changes made are very small, and the buildings

generally are in good order. The new south-east dome has been constructed, and is in nearly all respects ready for the reception of the equatorial. The drum dome, whose external diameter is 32 feet, is constructed with vertical standards upon a horizontal curb tied by diagonal iron hooping, covered with very thin board, and then covered with zinc.

The object-glass for the new equatorial has been furnished by Messrs. Merz & Son, of Munich. The Astronomer Royal has made various trials of it in a temporary tube carried by a temporary mounting, and is well satisfied with it. He cannot yet say that he has certainly divided the small star of γ Andromeda, but for such a test a combination of favourable circumstances is required. From what he has seen he has no doubt of its proving a first-rate object-glass. The north support of the polar axis (wanting the small part at the top which immediately supports the pivot), and the adjustable parts of the south support (also wanting some parts) are mounted in their places. No other parts of the instrument are at the Observatory, but almost the whole of the work, which has been prepared by Messrs. Ransomes & Simms, is very nearly ready. The hour-circle clamps and slow motions, the declination axis, the declination circle, the declination-circle clamps and slow motions, and the clock-work are in different stages of advance. The engineers have expressed themselves satisfied and almost surprised at the stiffness given by the bracing in the temporary erections of the polar frame. Thus it is evident that the new equatorial will be one of our finest national astronomical instruments. The magnificent transit circle is stated to be in good working order, and it is satisfactory to find that Messrs. Ransomes & Simms are at present engaged in preparing a similar instrument for the Observatory of San Fernando, near Cadiz. Artificial stones of Portland cement, with the proper perforations, have been prepared at Greenwich for the microscopic pier.

The Astronomer Royal has lately had reason to think that the indications of the transit-circle external thermometer have increased, so that it now reads too high by perhaps half a degree.

The zenith tube is in a very satisfactory state. The image of the star, since a free passage of air was allowed from the window, is almost always very good. No observation, it is believed, is ever lost now from tremor of the quicksilver. The galvanic apparatus, so far as it is included within the Observatory, is in good order. By some parts of the apparatus the system of sympathetic clocks is kept in motion; by other parts the time-ball is dropped, and hourly currents are transmitted to the South-Eastern Railway and to the Lothbury Station of the Electric Telegraph Company, from which communications are made at one hour to the time-ball at Deal, and to other time-balls in the Strand, Cornhill, and Liverpool. By other parts currents are sent for maintaining the action of a clock at the South-Eastern Railway Station, by which communications are automatically altered; by other parts, the Observatory possesses the power of giving touch signals from the eye end of the transit circle to any of the wires of the Electric Telegraph Company, or of the British and Submarine Company. The communications, however, external to the Observatory have been in a bad state. The four wires to London Bridge were injured, as is believed, by a thunder-storm during last autumn, and from the circumstance that the injured part is buried in the South-Eastern Railway, and that trains are running at every ten minutes during the day, it has not been possible till lately to open the ground for their examination. It is hoped, however, that they will now be examined and efficiently repaired.

In spite of the injury to the London galvanic wires, the currents transmitted at mean noon every day have had sufficient power to effect the regulation of four clocks in the General Post Office, and also to exhibit the signals given by these clocks. The appearance at Greenwich is very curious. Near to 23h. 26m., 23h. 28m., 23h. 32m., and 23h. 36m., four signals are exhibited which are known to come from four certain clocks, and which, by comparison with the Greenwich clock, show the

errors of those four clocks. These observations are recorded. Each of the four clocks is corrected, and they regulate a group of dependent clocks,—so that more than thirty clocks are kept very nearly to accurate time. This is believed to be the best instance of mechanical regulation that exists.

With regard to astronomical observations, the principal attention has been during the past year, as heretofore, fixed upon those objects which may be considered fundamental. The Meridional system is carefully preserved. In regard to stars observed on the meridian, the greater part of the observations have been devoted to the large clock-catalogue, of which the stars are never allowed (if possible) to pass unobserved in any year. Some observations, however, have been given to moon-culminations, occulted stars, stars favourable for zenith points, stars with Mars and with comets, stars with large proper motion, low stars for refraction, variable stars, stars used for the longitude of Edinburgh, and stars observed at the request of private astronomers. In regard to moveable bodies observed on the meridian, the moon is never omitted; the sun and planets are omitted on Sundays; the planets also are omitted after 15h., unless when the moon passes after 15h. The chronographic method is exclusively used for transits of planets and of stars not very close to the pole, unless the galvanic apparatus is deranged.

The excessively bad weather on the day of the solar eclipse of 1858, March 15, made it impossible to take at Greenwich more than two or three measures of north polar distance of cusps scarcely worth recording. With the assistance of the Rev. G. Fisher and J. Riddell, Esq., of Greenwich Hospital School, and of six skilful and intelligent lads of the Upper School, Mr. Airy organized three well-appointed observatories (one nearly on the central track, and one at each side of it), equipped for the purpose of making numerous measures of the distance of the cusps, by means of which the apparent correction to the diameters of the sun and moon and the absolute correction to the elements of the moon's path, would have been found with great accuracy. Only at Bedford, however, were a few observations obtained. In regard to all its real objects the expedition failed entirely.

The magnetical and meteorological observations have been continued with great regularity. In the present year the observations have been referred to Greenwich instead of Göttingen time. The selection of time may not be unimportant for the following reason. If an extensive system of magnetic observations, well distributed over the earth, should be again equipped, the Astronomer Royal trusts that simultaneous observations from time to time may form a part of their duties. These observations ought to be as strictly simultaneous as possible. In photographic records it is not easy, without apparatus devised specially for the purpose, to answer for the time within three or four minutes,—and therefore Mr. Airy contemplates the employment at these times of eye observations throughout. These could be made with considerable precision, exactly at the time pre-arranged; and it will therefore be desirable that the most perfect understanding should exist as to the meridian to which that time is to be referred.

The results of the reduction of the magnetical and meteorological observations show that the mean westerly declination of the free magnet has diminished from 1856 to 1857 by a few minutes. The vane spindle has turned in the direction following the sun about sixteen times in the year 1857, nearly the same number of revolutions as in former years.

A new chronometer oven has been prepared, which is expected to prove of considerable benefit to the service of the Royal Navy. Every chronometer which is sent to the Observatory is now rated for some weeks in a temperature of about 80°, and sometimes higher.

Observations have been twice undertaken with partial success for the determination of the longitude of Edinburgh. After numerous observations it was found that the difference of longitude is 12m. 43s. 05, subject to personal equations. Mr. Airy states that the success in this enterprise is entirely due to the hearty aid rendered by the Electric Telegraph Company, not only by the

appropriation to the use of the Observatory of one of the long wires to Edinburgh, and by the loan of their instruments, but also by the cordial assistance of their officers.

Such are the leading features of the Astronomer Royal's interesting Report, and it will be seen that our great national Observatory steadily maintains the high character which it has long enjoyed for accuracy and extensive observations.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, June 5.

BEFORE giving you any details of the brilliant eruption of Vesuvius which is now dazzling all beholders, I translate and send you the reports of the oldest guide of the mountain, Vincenzo Cozzolino. They are not certainly very scientific, but so far as they go are very correct, as Cozzolino may be looked upon as a part of the mountain, whose movements he from time to time chronicles. His first report is dated the 27th of May:—"On occasion of the grand eruption of 1850, feri, tufa, and fossils were turned out, and one of the latter I found at the point of Palo. On the 21st a rare occurrence, *bombe e sante* were ejected, and on the 26th a current of lava which flowed for three hours. On the 27th, at one hour after midnight, the crater trembled and burst, forming a new opening about the point where a French gentleman was killed some time since. The lava continued to flow, and above the 'opening' many smoke-holes were formed, which threw out smoke of various colours. Last night an earthquake was felt, being the effect of a shock of the mountain." The report of the 29th says:—"On the 27th, at 9 A.M., the crater trembled and then burst, forming large fissures of from 5 to 6 feet in width. The new crater fell in, and such is the danger that it is impossible to go near it or watch the movements at the bottom. At the foot of the mountain, in the direction of Atrio del Cavallo, four craters are formed, which throw up *bombe e sante*, and the great current of lava descends in one direction towards Ottajano, and in another towards the Hermitage. On the 28th, in the direction of Torre del Greco, an opening was formed about mid-day, from which issued a current of lava which makes gigantic progress, and presents a spectacle wonderful to be seen." For many months, as I have from time to time reported to you, a considerable eruption has been anticipated. For a long interval of time Portici has been almost without water, which is considered an unerring sign of great internal activity. After the disastrous earthquake of the 16th of December, 1857, an eruption was not only expected, but prayed for, and I shall not easily forget the wistfulness with which some looked towards Vesuvius, and others almost prayed to it as the protecting Saint of the place. The mountain, however, made no sign of any great importance, and from that time till now it has contented itself with an occasional grumble, a cannonade, or with shaking the good people of Portici and the neighbourhood by its upheavals. On the evening of the 25th, we had one of the most terrific storms we have experienced during the last six months, and on the following night the mountain displayed unusual activity—thundering and lightning, if I may so express it. On the next day a stream of lava issued forth, and the activity of the mountain continued as it has been described in the reports which I have sent you at the beginning of my letter. Vesuvius, therefore, is for the moment the great point of interest to which residents and visitors are all converging; and as if to provide better entertainment for its guests, the mountain throws out two streams, one running towards Ottajano, another through the Atrio del Cavallo, in the direction of the Hermitage. It would, however, be a misnomer almost to call them streams, for there is no fluidity in their formation. Imagine a large accumulation of masses of coke, inclosed in a channel a quarter of a mile in width, and, perhaps, even greater, varying in length from hour to hour—imagine it of a glowing heat, and in motion. Place yourself before it, though at some distance, for the intense heat is such that you will be scorched otherwise, and then look and listen. It rises high above you, 20, 30, or 40 feet, and

you hear a sound as of the grinding of millions of fragments of cinders one against the other. So ceaseless is it that it might remind you, if hearing were the only sense awake, of the sound of a waterfall. Wonderful, too, it moves, this long, wide, and deep mass, so gigantic in its proportions. Slow and steady, on it comes with all the consciousness of power, mass after mass falling over by the force of its own gravitation,—and then there is a glow and a scorching heat as if the mouth of an iron furnace had been opened, and all the spectators fall back with a shout of wonder and fear, keep at a respectful distance, though the caution is scarcely necessary, as such is the intensity of the heat that it is scarcely possible to approach within a dangerous vicinity. To give you, however, preciser details, there are not merely two but four principal streams. The first rolls over that which was formed in 1850, and winding like a serpent creeps on in the direction of Ottajano. I might compare it in form to a serrated sickle, and it is perhaps a quarter of a mile in width. In a dense compact body it marches on, breaking off continually in huge pieces, like impatient warriors burning for the fight, and thundering and lightning over the precipice below. The second stream breaks out in the Atrio del Cavallo almost under Somma, and rolls on in the direction of Naples, not far from the Ottajano stream. It was difficult, however, to distinguish the streams, which were at times many,—then flowing round dark patches or islands united and moved on together. Like a fiery network they appeared, each sparkling with brilliant coruscations. A third stream is marching on towards Resina, and it is the most wonderful and the most increasing of all. It is fed by three craters which have opened at the foot of the cone, and perhaps a quarter of a mile from it. Like smelting furnaces they continually throw out fire and sparks, and as if endowed with life they pump and pump up without cessation the glowing fire. Sometimes there is a lull, and then they begin again, pump and puff, and pump and puff, not simultaneously, but one after another, as though the labour were so hard as to compel the relief of several workmen. A good deal of apprehension is entertained as to the destructive power of this stream. The poles, to which were attached the vines, were burning like lucifer matches. Vineyards and gardens were being overwhelmed by the fiery flood, which is taking the old road that formerly led to the destruction of Herculaneum. The peasants were retreating down the mountain, and crowded into a little Oratorio which was open all the night, where each prayed for the protection of his patron saint. "I saw," said a friend, "the stream entering upon the Resina road, and some people calculated that it would be down upon Resina by night, if it travelled at its present pace." There is yet a fourth stream to describe: and it is one which is flowing down in the direction of Pompeii, but I think that at present this is the least menacing, perhaps; though it is impossible to calculate from one moment to another what new matter may be thrown out—what new directions taken by neighbouring streams—and, therefore, what change be made in one of the larger currents. The mountain is in fact and literally a mountain of fire:—the burning element gushes out from it in more places than one can count, and sweeps down over the sides of old Vesuvius, bathing it with fire.

I send you a report from the pen of Signor Palmieri, the Director of the Observatory, which will have much interest for the scientific as well as for the general reader. It is dated the 31st of May.

"After the memorable eruption of 1855, Vesuvius appeared to subside into the most perfect calm; notwithstanding the 'fumarole,' which never decreased on the summit of the cone, by their increasing temperature, by the greater abundance of their sublimates, and, perhaps also, by the nature of the ceniform fluids which issued from it, predicted a fresh and not a distant eruption,—in fact, on the 19th of the following December, a large and deep abyss opened on the mountain, which, throwing up at first smoke, ashes, and 'lapilli,' by degrees threw out fire, and in a few months fire came out also from one of the large craters of 1850—our mountain thus offering the spectacle of

lava which, being thrown from the top of the cone, remained hardened at the foot, or of fire which appeared to blaze up at brief intervals, remained for 30 months in continual eruption, as though in imitation of the little Stromboli. In October and November of 1857, besides lava and very frequent and very strong detonations, certain strange sounds were heard, similar to the usual thundering of earthquakes. On the 12th of December of the same year, that is, four days before the horrible earthquake in the Basilicata, there was a strong explosion in Vesuvius, with lava, which quickly ceased to flow, and it appeared as if the mountain at last wished to repose; but on the following day the smoke became most abundant, without visible fire, and without detonations. My electro-magnetic seismometer very frequently indicated shocks of earthquake, which corresponded in time with those stronger ones which were repeated in the Basilicata, and others which may be considered purely local, and which were the most vigorous. This frequency of local earthquakes announced, I think, the present eruption. After the copious smoke spoken of above, the detonations returned with the burning matter thrown into the air, and these phenomena gradually increased. On the 24th of May there was a shock of earthquake preceded by two days of an usual scarcity of atmospheric electricity, and at dawn on the 27th, a strong shock of earthquake, indicated by the seismometer, announced a new and terrible phase of this long conflagration of Vesuvius. And, indeed, the cone then opened at more than half its height, towards the west, in the direction of the little cone Coureal, and a few moments after a new fissure of greater dimensions declared itself towards the north, near the mouths of 1855. From the first fissure issued a lava of short duration which remained hardened in the Atrio del Cavallo. From the second a great quantity of lava issued, which, running through the Atrio, on the following evening showed itself at the extreme point of the hill of 'Conteroni.' Here, on the following day, it divided into two streams, one of which projected itself into the Fosso della Vetrana, following the course of the lava of 1855, and another on the opposite part of the hill before mentioned. This stream did little damage, and did not make much progress; the other continues its course, and, at the moment in which I write, is about to throw itself into the Fosso di Faramé. On the following day, at 4 o'clock in the morning, I saw, at a little above the Piano delle Giuestre, a small quantity of smoke issue from various points placed in a direct line; but in a short time that line becomes a fissure full of lava, which seems to boil like a cauldron. This lava soon began to boil, but after a few hours it entirely disappeared, and even the smoke was no longer seen. After mid-day the fissure re-opened with greater force, and began to throw out lava most copiously, without any noise. This lava flowed by the Piano delle Giuestre towards the Fosso Grande. On the morning of the 30th of May I went with the Custode of the Observatory, and approached this new lava, remarkable especially for its rapidity, and for the tranquil manner in which it welled up from the ground. Arrived, however, at the mouth, that tranquility disappeared, as we saw in a moment fragments of lava thrown high into the air with force, and we heard fearful sounds. Receding to a certain distance, in a few moments we saw three most beautiful cones rise, which thundered and threw up fire into the air until the evening. Similar phenomena were observable at the other mouths, and even to the top of the cone there were heavy mutterings. On the east side of the cone, on an inclination, where for some time very hot fumarole have appeared with many sublimates, there has been another fissure, which I have not been able to approach, as the communications are interrupted. After the 30th of May, which was the most remarkable day of the eruption, the mouths were more tranquil, but the lava continues in two directions,—that is, by the Fosso di Faramé and the Fosso Grande, in which were several small pieces of cultivated ground. I have made important observations on atmospheric electricity and on terrestrial magnetism, which I shall publish in the Annals of

that Observatory. I have already commenced my examination of the fumarole from the first moment of their appearance; and I hope to give to students of geology some well-assured facts. For the moment, I conclude this brief report, observing that the present eruption, however tranquilly it began, was announced by many shocks of earthquake, purely local, which preceded and accompanied it, so that it appears probable that the day will come when the seismometer may give such indications as will note a coming eruption.

"LUIGI PALMIERI, Director."

Since the publication of this report several days have elapsed,—the lava has made considerable progress, and Palmieri has been expelled from his house.

W.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

(From Household Words.)

Three-and-twenty years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the Public. They began when I was so young, that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century.

Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the Public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, or deceive them, or presume upon their favour, or do anything with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavoured to discharge that duty.

My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally, such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but, I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own Journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling), to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

Some domestic trouble of mine, of long standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been, throughout, within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving, not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread, that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines, by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed, like an unwholesome air.

Those who know me and my nature, need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me, as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But, there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise; and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort of circulating the Truth.

I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do both in my own name and in my wife's name—that all the lately whispered rumours touching the trouble at which I have glanced, are abominably false. And that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial, will lie as wilfully and as fully as it is possible for any false witness to lie before Heaven and earth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Royal Society, held on the 3rd inst. at Burlington House for the election of Fellows, Lord Wrottesley announced that Sir B. Brodie had given his consent to be put in nomination as President at the ensuing Anniversary in November next.

The Feast of Flowers began on Monday at the Botanical Gardens, and was continued on Wednesday and Thursday at Chiswick. Bright suns, pleasant company, and good music, added to the great natural attractions of the two gardens. The show at Chiswick was especially brilliant and interesting—reminding us of the ancient glories of those celebrated grounds. Next Wednesday there will be a flower show at the Crystal Palace.

We are glad to hear that the Whittington Club has come out of the fire alive—glad for the sake of the genius which conceived, as well as on account of the public usefulness which resulted from, that excellent institution. The Club-house has been rebuilt, and will soon be opened once more under pleasant and influential auspices. We offer a suggestion to the Council. Since fire swept away their old edifice, death has carried off their founder. Would it not be a graceful act—at once poetical and expressive—to place, before the opening day, in a conspicuous part of the new hall—for inauguration with the rest of the building—a copy of the marble bust of Douglas Jerrold?

We understand that the United States Government contemplate sending out an Arctic Expedition to follow up the late Dr. Kahn's discoveries in Baffin's Bay.

News from the adventurers of the Niger Expedition to the 31st of March show that at that time Dr. Baikie was encamped near Rabba, whither Lieut. Glover, R.N., and Mr. May, R.N., were on their way from Lagos to rejoin him. Dr. Berwick was at Lairdstown, with part of the crew of the Dayspring. The Sunbeam was at the Brass River entrance of the Niger on the 22nd of April, all well, waiting for water to ascend the confluence. All were in the enjoyment of health.

The following copy of a communication from the Admiralty to the senior naval officer on the coast of Brazil, relative to the total eclipse of the sun, which will be visible in South America on the 7th of September next, has been forwarded by the Secretary of the Royal Society:—

"Admiralty, May 1.

"Sir,—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that as the total eclipse of the sun, on the 7th of September next (not visible in Europe), will be visible on the coast of Brazil, and as the accurate observation of such eclipses may prove of high scientific interest, their Lordships are desirous that a passage in one of H.M. Ships from Rio de Janeiro to St. Paul's may be afforded to any English astronomer who may go to Brazil, for the purpose of making such observations, provided the exigencies of the service will admit of a steam-vessel being employed for the purpose. The astronomer may arrive at Rio de Janeiro in August next, and the steamer should convey him with his instruments to St. Paul's or St. Catherine's, or to such other port on that part of the coast as may be most convenient; he should be afforded every assistance and facility for landing and erecting his instruments; and after his observations are completed, the vessel should take him back to Rio de Janeiro.

(Signed) H. CORRY."

"The Senior Officer of H.M. Ships and Vessels, Rio Janeiro."

The following protest, on the part of a kinsman of the late Mr. David C. Gibson, artist, speaks for itself:—

"27, West Derby Street, Liverpool, June 10.

"A review appeared in your number of the 15th ult., of a memoir of my cousin, the late Mr. Gibson, the tenor of which led me to obtain the book in question ('Struggles of a Young Artist') that I might, for myself, judge of its contents. And on behalf of Mr. Gibson's relatives, as well as for myself, his oldest companion, school-fellow and friend, I must say its contents filled me with indignation. I deny that Mr. Gibson was, at any time of life, the debauchee or socialist repre-

sented by the author, who has wisely suppressed his name; and even had he been so, what right had he to expose to the public the faults of the dead, who cannot defend himself? and whose memory, therefore, ought to be sacred—more especially to the author of this book, who well knew Mr. Gibson's sensitive feelings on this very subject, expressed only a few days before his death. As a 'Life of Mr. Gibson,' I may add, the work is incorrect and incomplete. By your insertion of these lines, you will deeply oblige, not only myself, but a large circle of the late Mr. Gibson's relatives, who feel painfully hurt that such a character of him should go forth to the world without contradiction. I am, &c. W. S. LAURIE."

The Annual General Meeting of the Arundel Society was held on the 31st ult., Lord Elcho, M.P., in the chair. The Chairman explained that the delay in the production of the publications assigned to 1856, which had created some distrust in the Society, was due to efforts to render the chromolith of the 'Interior of the Arena Chapel' as perfect as possible, by working in all the details of the decorations from elaborate drawings procured for the purpose from Padua. Mr. William Smith was re-elected as Auditor of accounts. Mr. Layard stated the plans of the Council as to future publications. The drawings, which it was proposed to bring out as the publications of 1857, consisted of a very elaborate and beautiful water-colour copy of a fresco by Pinturicchio at Spello, representing 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' which Mr. Vincent Brooks was reproducing in fac-simile by chromo-lithography,—of three tracings in outline (made by Mr. Layard himself), from figures in the same fresco, which would be lithographed by Mr. Brooks on the scale of the original,—and of proof impressions of two wood engravings from frescoes by Giotto, in the Arena Chapel, at Padua, representing Christ washing the Disciples' Feet, and His Betrayal by Judas, and forming a continuation of the series, of which the first twenty-eight subjects had already been published. These were all that the Council had decided upon: it was proposed to add a chromolith, executed by Mr. Gruner at Berlin, of a drawing made by Mrs. Higford Burr, from a fresco of the 'Madonna and Saints,' painted by Ottaviano Nelli at Gubbio, in the fourteenth century, if the necessary funds for this publication were obtainable. Many difficulties, Mr. Layard said, had been encountered in Italy. The guardians of works of Art frequently imagined that travellers would be prevented from visiting the originals, if good copies of them could be seen elsewhere—a notion contradicted by all experience. At Spello, the Society had been interdicted by the local authorities from continuing its drawings; but an application was now being made to the Papal Government, which, it was hoped, would override these petty obstacles. Sir Francis Scott, a member of the Council, had assisted in this application; and had also generously undertaken to procure, at his own expense, drawings from the series of frescoes by Pinturicchio, in the library of the Cathedral at Siena, illustrating the Life of Pope Pius the Second, which he would lend to the Society for publication. The speaker, however, thought it would be inexpedient to bring out too many of the works of Pinturicchio within a short time. He would prefer undertaking the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli at San Gimignano, or those of Luini at Saronno. He called attention to the tracing exhibited on the walls, taken by himself from the fresco of the 'Burial of St. Catherine by Angels,' painted by Luini, and now in the Brera Gallery, at Milan. Of this subject the Council had obtained a small coloured drawing, a photograph, and some additional tracings made by Mr. Boxall, and hoped in time to be able to publish it in chromo-lithography. In future, an endeavour would be made to combine productions of the earlier and of the later masters. Thus, the woodcuts from Giotto, of which ten subjects still remained, would be continued gradually to their completion; and a work of Taddeo Bartolo at Siena, representing the Death of the Virgin, had already been chromo-lithographed by Mr. Gruner, and might form part of a future issue. On the other hand, the Nativity, by Pinturicchio, who might be called comparatively a late artist, being

contemporary with Raffaele, had already been placed in the hands of Mr. Brooks, to form a companion to the 'Dispute with the Doctors,' and the 'Annunciation,' by the same painter, would be copied for the Society, as soon as the difficulties raised by the authorities at Spello could be surmounted. A commission had also been given to the same copyist for a drawing from a fresco at Cagli, by Giovanni Sanzio, the father of Raffaele. Small drawings from both these frescoes, made by Mrs. Burr, were to be seen in the room, with tracings from Pinturicchio's 'Nativity,' and a proof of Mr. Gruner's chromolith from T. Bartolo. Mr. Layard wished they could do more; he would like to see three or four chromoliths, specimens of different schools, published every year; but he feared he must reveal a cabinet secret: there were differences in the Council as to the practicability of his schemes with the existing means of the Society; he himself was a wild elephant, but there was also a tame one, the Treasurer, to keep him in check; and he could only hope the Society and the public would give them such support that their differences would disappear. He regretted he had not, during the winter, been at his post in the Council. He had visited at that time the caves of Ellora and Ajunta, in India; but he could not recommend their style of artistic decoration as a profitable field for the Society.

After some experimental trials, the Atlantic telegraphic squadron sailed from Plymouth Sound on Thursday, and in the evening dropped below the water line. The American ship Niagara is attended by the Gorgon, the English Agamemnon has the Valorous in waiting. Official persons consider the previous trials favourable,—we trust they may turn out wise prophets.

At a sale of copyrights on Tuesday last, at the rooms of Mr. Hodgson, the copyright of Mr. S. Lover's Handy Andy sold for the large price of 390*l*. Among other lots, were Jeremy Bentham's Works, 11 vols., the copyright and stereotype plates, 145*l*.—Albert Smith's Comic Tales and Sketches, the copyright and stereotype plates, 49*l*.—Grey's Gambler's Wife, the copyright and stereotype plates, 46*l*.—Miss Mitford's Atherton, the copyright, 18*l*. 18*s*.—Maxwell's Adventures of Captain O'Sullivan, 44*l*.—Theodore Hook's Works, the copyright and stereotype plates, Jack Brag, 46*l*.; Gilbert Gurney, 42*l*.; Gurney Married, 26*l*.; Maxwell, 23*l*.; Parson's Daughter, 11*l*.; Sayings and Doings, 27*l*.—Rory O'More, 100*l*.—Legends and Stories of Ireland, 80*l*.—He would be a Gentleman, 75*l*.—Sam Slick's The Clock-maker, 190*l*.—The Attaché, 80*l*.—Letter-Bag of the Great Western, 55*l*.—Croly's Salathiel the Immortal, the copyright, 50*l*.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Ecclesiological Society was held at the South Kensington Museum on the 8th inst., A. J. Beresford-Hope, Esq., in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, Mr. Beresford-Hope delivered an address. A paper was read by Mr. Burges 'On Medieval Bijouterie,' illustrated by diagrams from an antique chalice, from the collection of Mr. Hope, with other specimens. The Rev. W. Scott read an article 'On the Decoration of Churches.'

The members of the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society have held a pleasant summer meeting at Horncastle—a report of which occupies nearly twenty columns in the local papers. The Rev. G. Atkinson made a statement 'On the Fabric of the Parish Church,'—the Rev. E. Trollope read papers 'On Roman Remains at Horncastle,' and 'On the Use and Abuse of Red Bricks,'—the latter containing some very excellent observations,—the Rev. F. C. Massingberd illustrated 'The Castle of Bolingbroke and the Wars of the Roses in Lincolnshire,'—the Rev. W. B. Caparn read a paper which turned out to be the comedy of the meeting, 'On Early Burial Places and Epitaphs.' Excursions, dinners, speeches, and flirtations, closed the useful and pleasant proceedings of the Horncastle Meeting.

Among the deaths of the week, that of Mr. Edward Moxon claims a word of record. Mr. Moxon was the poets' publisher,—and was himself a poet. His little volume of Sonnets was graciously re-

ceived, and is not now forgotten. As a personal friend of Charles Lamb (who bequeathed to him his curious and interesting collection of books), and as the publisher and friend of Rogers, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Tennyson, he will keep his place in the literary history of our time, and many generations of readers will be reminded of his business career by his useful editions of the dramatic works of Shakespeare, his contemporaries and successors.

The choice little cabinet of coins, collected by the late Rev. T. F. Dymock, has been disposed of in lots, during the past week, by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson, at unprecedented prices. The following are among the more remarkable:—Pennies of the Anglo-Saxon series, which formed the great feature of the collection, Baldred, Rex Cant., 441.; Æthelhard, Archbishop of Canterbury, 451.; Archbishop Ceolnoth, 131. 13s.; Pennies of Offa, King of Mercia, of different types, 481. 15s.; Ceolulf, King of Mercia, 164. 10s.; Beornulf Rex, 417.; Ciolouf Rex, 271.; Beonna, one of the kings of the East Angles, 521. 10s.; Elthelstan Rex, 171.; another Penny of the same king, of different type, 131.; a Styca of Egfrith, 511.; another of Eadberth, 141.; Pennies of Anlaf, 661. 1s.; Penny of Eggebeort (sole monarch), 101.; another Penny, of a different type, 191.; Penny of Alfred, with bust, 121. 10s.; another, with singular portrait to the right, 101.; Edward the Elder, 121. 10s.; Penny of Athelstan, 91.; Penny of Edward, with crowned bust, 81.; Eadgar Rex, 231. 10s.; Northacut, 101. 5s. Among the coins from the Conquest worthy of note may be mentioned:—a Shilling of Henry VIII. with full-face portrait, 161.; the Sovereign of the same monarch of his eighteenth year, 71.; a Groat of Edward VI., 251. 10s.; Pattern for Threepence of Elizabeth, 211.; the 'Exurgent' Half-crown of James I., 331. 10s.; the Spur Royal of the same king, 121.; the Twenty-shilling Piece of Charles, 151.; Blondenau's Half-crown, of the Commonwealth, 151. 10s.; the Lion Groat of Henry V. of the Anglo-Gallie series, 111. 5s. The cabinet also comprised some fine specimens of Roman silver, among which occurred the very rare coin in silver of Marcus Junius Brutus, with the cap of Liberty between two daggers on the reverse, which produced 201. 10s. Total of the four days' sale, 1,9281. 19s. 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN. Admission, (from Eight till Seven o'clock), 1s.; Catalogues, 1s. JOHN PRESSECK KNIGHT, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—THE GALLERY, with a Collection of Pictures of Ancient Masters and deceased British Artists, opened on MONDAY, June 7, and will continue open daily from Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Fifty-fourth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to Trafalgar Square), from Nine till Dusk. Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THIS SOCIETY IS NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily, from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Season Tickets, 5s. each. JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

FRENCH EXHIBITION.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by Modern Artists of the French School IS OPEN to the Public, at the French Gallery, 150, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. each. Open from 9 to 6 daily.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS, STEREOSCOPES AND VIEWS is NOW OPEN, at No. 1, New Coventry Street, Piccadilly, daily, from 10 till 6, admission, 1s.; Events from 7 till 10, admission, 6d. Season Tickets, 5s. each.

ROSA BONHEUR'S NEW PICTURES, 'LANDAIS PEASANTS going to MARKET,' and 'MORNING in the HIGHLANDS,' together with her Portrait, by Ed. Dubufe, are NOW ON VIEW at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street.—Admission, 1s. Open from Nine till Six.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, and VESUVIUS, EVERY NIGHT (except Saturdays), at 8, and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at 3.—Places can be secured, at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS WILL READ, at ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on THURSDAY EVENING, June 17, at Eight o'clock, 'THE POOR TRAVELLER,' 'ROOTS at the HOLLY TREE INN,' and 'MRS. GAMP,' on WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, June 25, at Three o'clock, the Story of 'LITTLE DORRIS,' and on THURSDAY EVENING, June 24, at Eight o'clock, his 'CHRISTMAS CAROL'—Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, Publishers, 150, Piccadilly, and at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—COMPETITIVE HISTORICAL DIORAMA OF THE INDIAN MUTINY WILL POSITIVELY CLOSE on SATURDAY, June 26. Daily at Three and Eight o'clock.—Dress Stalls, 5s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Accompanied by a Full Band and Descriptive Lecture.

THE SOMNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER, gives his MAGNETIC SEANCES AND CONSULTATIONS for Acute and Chronic Diseases, their Causes and Remedies, and on all subjects of interest, EVERY DAY, from 1 till 4—19, Upper Albany Street, Regent's Park. Consultation by Letter.

On THURSDAY NEXT, at Three o'clock, a Select Séance will be given, illustrating the highest phenomena of the human mind under the magnetic influence.—Admission, 5s.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL AND PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM, 5, Titchborne-street, opposite the Haymarket.—Lectures daily by Dr. Kahn at Three; and by Dr. Barton at a Quarter past One, at Four, and 'On Diseases of the Skin,' at Eight. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten. Admission, (one Shilling.—Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures on the Philosophy of Marriage, &c., sent post free on receipt of twelve stamps.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—May 20.—The Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On the Resistance of Tubes to collapse,' by W. Fairbairn, Esq.; 'Observations on the Mer de Glace,' by Prof. Tyndall.

ASTRONOMICAL.—May 14.—Dr. Lee, V.P., in the chair.—'Observations of Comet V. 1857, and of Comet I. 1858, taken with the Equatorial of the Liverpool Observatory,' by John Hartnup, Esq.; 'Observations of Saturn,' by W. Lassell, Esq.; 'Results of the Observations of Small Planets, made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, in the month of April, 1858,' communicated by the Astronomer Royal.—'Letter from Mr. Bond to Mr. Carrington on a Discovery of a New Comet.'—'On the Changes in the Direction and Length of the Line of Cusps during a Solar Eclipse,' by T. Dobson, Esq.—'Observations of the Solar Eclipse of March 15, 1858, made at the Cambridge Observatory, and Calculation of Results from Observations,' by the Rev. J. Challis.—'Account of Photometric Experiments made at Clapham under the Direction of the Rev. C. Pritchard, on the Day of the Solar Eclipse, March 15, 1858.'—'Observations of the Annular Solar Eclipse of March 14-15, 1858,' made at Peterborough, by W. L. Wharton, Esq.—'On the Determination of the Longitude of the Observatory of Edinburgh by Galvanic Signals of Star-Transits,' by the Astronomer Royal.—'Note on the Projection of the Great Circle,' by Sir John W. Lubbock, Bart.—'Extract of a Letter from Prof. Weiss to the Astronomer Royal.'—'Discovery of a New Comet.' On the 21st of May, Dr. Bruhns discovered at Berlin a new Comet, of which he obtained the following position:—

May 21, 14h. 21m. 64s. Berlin M.T.T.

24° 3' 25" 4" + 30° 57' 52" 8"

Daily Motion. Δα... + 138' Δδ... + 90'

This seems to be a different comet from that discovered by Mr. Tuttle on the 3rd of the same month.—Mr. De la Rue exhibited, at the meeting of the Society, some beautiful photographs of the moon taken during different phases, and also a very striking stereoscopic view of the visible hemisphere of the same body. The globular form in the latter case was most unequivocally brought out.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 3.—J. Hunter, V.P., in the chair.—Messrs. C. F. Angell and Eardley G. Culling Eardley were elected Fellows.—The President exhibited a Gold Coin of the Emperor Theodosius recently found in Kent.—Mr. Wylie exhibited drawings by Mr. B. Wilmer of objects discovered in a Merovingian tomb at Beauvais.—Mr. W. P. Griffith communicated a note 'On the North Postern of the Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, Clerkenwell.'—The Secretary read a communication by himself entitled 'Furca et Fossa, a Review of certain Modes of Capital Punishment in the Middle Ages.'

CHEMICAL.—May 20.—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., President, in the chair.—Messrs. W. C. Paterson and G. Parry were elected Fellows.—Dr. Angus Smith read a paper 'On the Air of Towns.' The author had not been able to detect ozone in the air of Manchester, but at some little distance it was easily recognizable when the wind was not blowing from the town. The air of Manchester was always acid, and the rain-water so acid as immediately to redden litmus infusion. The author employed permanganate of potash as a reagent for estimating

the amount of organic matter in the air. Among other results, he found that a definite amount of a standard solution of the salt was decolorized by 22 measures of air from the high ground in the neighbourhood of Preston, by 9 measures of air from an open street in Manchester, by 54 measures of air from between some small houses on the banks of the Medlock river, by 2 measures of air from a closed carriage of passengers, and by 1 measure of air from the backyard of a house in a low and closely built neighbourhood. A very noticeable difference was observed when blood was agitated with different varieties of air. Contrary to expectation, the air of the town was found to exert a greater reddening effect than the air of the sea-shore.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—June 7.—Lord Ashburton, V.P., in the chair.—Prof. T. M. Goodeve, M.A., J. Johnston, Esq., Mrs. Portlock, and Miss A. Swanwick, were elected Members.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—June 5.—Anniversary Meeting.—C. Jellicoe, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. J. H. Williams read the Annual Report. The total number of Members is 144; the receipts have been 2631. 3s. 10d., and the payments 2901. 4s. 6d. The legacy bequeathed by Mr. Messenger to the Institute has been invested in 1801. 3s. 11d. 3 per cent. consols; and the Council have determined on applying the interest which has been received on this legacy as a prize to be competed for by the Associates, and to be given for the best essay on a subject to be selected by the Council.—The following gentlemen were elected as officers for the session 1858-59:—President, J. Finlaison, Esq.; Vice-Presidents, P. Hardy, W. B. Hodge, C. Jellicoe, and R. Tucker, Esqs.; Treasurer, J. Lawrence, Esq.; Honorary Secretaries, J. Reddish and J. H. Williams, Esqs.; Auditors, C. Child, J. B. Haycraft, and C. Watkins, Esqs.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. British Architects, 8.
- Geographical, 8.—'Account of an Expedition from Damaru Land to the Orango, in search of the River Congo,' by Messrs. Green, Hahn, and Rath.—'Ascent of the River Limbong, Bernice,' by Lieut. De Greyling.—'On the Five Regions of the Trade Winds,' by Mr. Hopkins.—'Survey of the Southern Districts of Otago, New Zealand,' by Mr. Thomson.
- TUES. Statistical, 8.—'On the Occupations of the People of England and Wales,' by Mr. Welton.—'On the Population of England and France,' by Mr. Willich.—'Report on the Congrès de Bienséance at Frankfurt, 1857,' by Mr. Roberts.
- WED. Microscopical, 8.
- Linnean, 8.—'On new Genera of Brazilian Plants,' by Mr. Bentham.—'On the System of Quinologia of Parny,' by Mr. Howard.—'On the Arborecent Ferns of New Zealand,' by Mr. Ralph.
- SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES, 8.
- ROYAL, 8.—The Croonian Lecture, by Mr. Huxley, 'On the Theory of the Vertebrate Skull.'
- CHEMICAL, 8.—'On Ammonia,' by Dr. Hofmann.
- PHYSIOLOGICAL, 8.
- SAT. Asiatic, 2.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Exhibition of the Old Masters this year shows a considerable innovation on the part of the directors. Foremost may be named an approach to giving useful information in the Catalogue. The pages have blossomed, not merely with a date or two, but poetical quotations,—a rose from Byron and a bud from Macaulay. The gallery itself shows a broad mass of old pictures of the class which (much as we venerate and ponder over early best efforts) can only, in comparison, be regarded as unsightly, and will be to the public in many cases repulsive. The works which we allude to are of that least satisfactory class of the Renaissance when the artists, having lost their earnest devotional feeling, remained unable to grasp and perpetuate the realities of common life.—No. 25 of the catalogue, for instance, in which, not only are the figures clumsy by carelessness, but the grass and foliage are mannered and slighted in the extreme. Had the picture been raised from the eye and not hung direct on the line, these unpleasantnesses would have probably escaped attention. The characteristic features of this year's display are the Charlton stolen pictures which Lord Suffolk had, as our readers were aware, consented to submit to public view, and also the not stolen picture, La Vierge

aux Rochers, which his Lordship very considerably offered to send likewise. The choicest pictures, many in number, belonging to Lord Howe of Gopaul will afford extensive interest and benefit to the Art-seekers. They were collected a century and a half ago by Mr. John Jennings, of Ormond Street, and indeed even at that time acquired a great celebrity. Next in order for liberality of contribution stand Mr. A. Barker and the Duke of Newcastle. Two fresh Nelly O'Brien portraits also appear in the south room; but they pale entirely in the recollection of the charming picture which was visible this time last year in the Gallery at Manchester. Of the two here No. 128, belonging to Mr. Mills, is far preferable. The damsel wears a necklace, and the picture is well known by the engraving. The other, No. 156, is serious and unfittingly sentimental in treatment, for we all know who Nelly was by this time.

The truly fine and impressive Da Vinci, belonging to Lord Suffolk, is well placed at the upper end of the north room. For fullness and truth of forms, especially in the heads, we remember nothing approaching it, unless, indeed, a so-called Lorenzo di Credi, belonging to Lord Northwick, at Thirlestane House. Buchanan was quite right when, more than thirty years ago he pointed to this picture as the original of the Louvre one. Drs. Waagen and Passavant have since confirmed this. The hands, however, are lamentably clumsy and incorrect, especially the muscles of the thumb on the Virgin's left hand. Whether the result of over-painting or a pupil's work we leave others to determine. The deep brown and blue tone of the picture combined with a total absence of reds leave a peculiar impression on the mind of the spectator. [Ante, p. 638.] Let us glance from this to the poor, hard, shaded white forms of No. 11. This is the 'Madonna and Child' so persistently confounded with the larger picture. Any one at all accustomed to see the genuine works of the master would disclaim it as a Da Vinci and substitute the name of Luini, Solario, or—more probably than either of them—Pedrini. The 'Holy Family,' No. 6, is far too poor for a Luini, but No. 8 we feel thoroughly convinced is a very fine one rather than a Da Vinci. The picture represents the Saviour and St. John as children standing on each side of a lamb; the yellow iris upon the dark background affords a fine subordinate study of Nature. The children are exquisitely painted, but too formal and softened for the superior friend of Luini.

This group of Milanese painters is completed by the colossal copy, No. 48,—the most authentic record extant of Lionardo's 'Last Supper.' It was, unlike its prototype, painted in good solid colours, which, having endured 300 years, may, in all probability, last, if well cared for, for twice that number to come. It has lately been cleansed, and now appears almost in its pristine glory. The Royal Academy are the fortunate possessors of this treasure, and received it from Sir Thomas Lawrence, their President. Let those who would learn to recognize largeness of style as well as largeness of scale devote their earnest study to this canvas, and bear in mind that it is of the same size as the original painting in the Refectory of Santa Maria, and was executed under the supervision of Lionardo himself.

Cartoon studies for two of the Heads Nos. 9 and 10, contributed by Colonel North, also merit investigation.

A very extraordinary group of figures, about half-life size, seated upon a large marble bench, beneath a wide-spread arching frame, is a fine specimen of Filippo Lippi. In the centre, St. John the Baptist—patron Saint of Florence—is seated between St. Cosmo and St. Damian, the canonized Arabian physicians. To the left are St. Francis and St. Lawrence,—to the right St. Anthony and St. Peter the Martyr,—the latter with the knife, as usual, remaining in his head. The background is composed of a dark garden scene. The softened forms and mellow tone of colour produce a solemn but impressive effect on the mind, which contrasts strikingly with the turbulence of the painter's conceptions towards the close of his career. The small picture below it, No. 23, also very sombre in

tone, is a fine specimen of Signorelli. The master from whom even Michael Angelo derived some of his foreshortened figures may be recognized by the naked dead bodies of the victims that have fallen by the dragon which St. George is seen combating. The violent rushing attitude of the princess is absurd, and the painting of the trees both childish and Chinese,—but the distant group under the rocks, of the princess mounting the white charger with St. George to accompany him home, is full of careful minuteness and natural beauty.

A large picture, No. 19, by Benvenuto, called 'L'Ortolano,' mentioned by Lanzi, is wonderful, both from its vigour and freshness. This picture was formerly in the parish church of Bondeno, a small town between Mantua and Ferrara. There is a sort of Maciæ-like vividness and leaden-grey shadows about it which we do not usually associate with sixteenth-century painters. The sentiment is at best academic and artificial. St. Sebastian stands attitudinizing on a rock in the centre, not caring in the least for the cords which very gracefully connect his arms with the tree. St. Roch and St. Demetrius stand on each side. A cross-bow on the ground in the centre is very marvellously foreshortened, and a pleasing landscape, with people, cottages and trees, almost German in character, enriches the background. There are several pictures by Crivelli, rather coarse in character, one of which, No. 26, is particularized as a portrait of an ancestor of the reigning Pontiff. Two richly-decorated pilasters, Nos. 28 and 30, are by Signorelli, and are the last of the early period we can spare time to dwell upon. Our eyes, like those of most visitors to the room, have been attracted by the grand picture, No. 34, on the left hand. It is one of the masterworks of Giorgione, of world-wide fame, and has been specially eulogized, as the Catalogue shows, by Byron. Mr. A. Barker is well known to have purchased the finest pictures of the Manfrini Palace at Venice, and this was among them. The subject is simply three figures in half-length. A fine handsome man, said to be the painter's own portrait, in the centre, with head wonderfully foreshortened, turns round to a magnificent Venetian beauty, in crimson turban, on the left; a youth, seemingly a page, is seen behind him on the other side. The quiet, subdued effect of this picture, its fine drawing and wonderful breadth, distinguish it thoroughly from all others in the vicinity. We overlooked at first, as others would, the exquisite little picture, No. 35, formerly Mr. Rogers's, of the Madonna, with angels holding a canopy, now the property of Mr. Bale. In early times the poet called it Angelico da Fiesole. Exquisitely beautiful and pale in colour is Lord Powis's 'Madonna and Child,' No. 37, by Fra Bartolommeo, in which two angels behind support bright grass-green curtains. The attitude of the mother with the book resembles that in Raphael's 'Del Cardellino,' in the Tribune at Florence. 'The Raboteur,' by Annibale Carracci, No. 42, one of the stolen band, has almost a more ashen look than formerly; but the picture is a truly welcome sight again. The weakness of Carlo Maratti is extensively seen in No. 41, a portrait of Cardinal Barberino. His merits unexpectedly appear in an elaborate composition, No. 39, contributed also by Mr. Beriah Botfield. It represents a youthful beardless monk in a white dress, and mitre at his feet, receiving a ring from the Virgin, surrounded by numerous angels. A bishop in full robes, &c. kneels in front. A fine specimen of the Carracci school, if not of Annibale himself, is No. 50, 'St. John the Baptist kneeling by the Jordan.' A mellow composition, with larger figures, is No. 46. 'Tancred baptizing the dying Clorinda' is by Agostino Carracci, and the work of a master very rarely seen in England. Both these last-named pictures were brought over with the Camuccini collection from Rome, by the Duke of Northumberland. One of the late Director Camuccini's own compositions forms part of the present collection, No. 175. It has been contributed by Mr. Wynn Ellis, and represents Horatius Cocles defending the bridge. A remarkably fine Cyp, No. 72, and two magnificent animal pieces, Nos. 98 and 106, with wolves, bears and dogs, are important features in the middle room. A Rembrandt Portrait of an

old Woman, No. 102, called the artist's mother, has the same breadth and power combined with a peculiar coldness of the face-shadows which characterize Lord Overstone's picture of, evidently, the same individual.

The pendant to it, No. 100, a goldsmith Jew, is by no means equal either in artistic power or interest of subject to the old lady. A well-composed picture, No. 95, 'The Curing of Tobit,' is called Rembrandt, but is undoubtedly a fine Bol. Two pictures, Nos. 31 and 33, are rather Sebastian Bourdon's than Nicholas Poussin's. Those who enjoy pure and refined landscape will find Mr. Perkins's picture, No. 101, to be the very perfection of a Both; nor should we omit to name the little gem of an Adrian Vandervelde, No. 66, recently purchased by Mr. Oppenheim from Mr. Sanders's collection. The Duke of Sutherland's half-figures of St. Justa and St. Rufina, Nos. 71 and 78, are exquisitely clear and mellow; and Lord Howe's exquisite Murillo, No. 1, of the Infant Saviour sleeping on the cross, resting on a skull, attended by two lovely angels in the clouds above, will form a graceful termination to the present notice. Enough still remains of more modern works and portraiture for us to resume our notice on another occasion.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE frequent recruiting that this Exhibition receives of new pictures compels us to notice it a second time. We can scarcely afford space to dwell any more on M. Jérôme's fine picture of the *Duel after the Maquerade*, and yet cannot altogether, as an old friend, pass it by, especially as the late meeting of a good-tempered jester, in Paris, with a trained swordsman, has given it quite a new interest. There we see again that dull, stifling, yellow, winter fog cold among the black, spindly, suburban trees; there that dying Pierrot, with the mouth choking with blood and dragged away by the death-spasm; there the flaunting revellers in green and red; there the Mohawk, his rival, grown ten years older, and more bent since he turned from that clown's ghastly face; there the plot, too, of brown-trodden snow, wet with blood and strewn with broken parrot's feathers. There the cabmen looming through the fog, with upraised and horrified hands. This is a truly tragic picture.

M. Gallait is strong and robust in his *Last Request* (71 b). The scene is at the massive grating of a Neapolitan prison. A stalwart young peasant, in a gay hat, trimmed with peacock's feathers and twined with red cord, leans passionately listening to the eager words of his old father already doomed to death. You can just see him through the great iron beams of the grating, pouring his last request into the burning ear of his son, who is to be his avenger, and who listens, as newly woke men will listen to the doom trumpet. You can see that that hand will soon be wet with blood, and that that broad chest will dash upon the German bayonets; on the stripped wall at the side of the prison, where the plaster is peeling from the red blocked bricks, the young Hannibal has scratched *Patria*, showing the way his thoughts lie. As for *Count d'Égmont preparing for Execution* (71 a), it is a mere dull study of a lean anxious man and a fat dull one, with a face crimsoned by reflection, not worth paint.

M. Frère's *Lessons on the Drum* (65 a) is in the lovable artist's best manner, though it has neither story nor purpose. It is merely an older boy bending down cheek to cheek teaching a younger lad the drum. There is such a kindly tenderness without effeminacy or maudlin about the look of the two boys, something so quietly imaginatively suggestive of future drum scenes, when the boy through streams of lacerating, iron-winged fire may have to beat that same drum, with a face just as heedful and calm, that it detains us as a sketch by Raphael might. Madame Jerichan, though surprisingly sturdy and masculine for a woman, does not much please us, being often rather dull, hard, dry and unfeeling. The face of the *Norwegian Girl going to Church* (77 b) is wooden, though still not without a certain majestic innocence.

M. Lambinet's landscapes, though not of the

English school of colour, often in large plots and strips monotonous, dull and unvaried, are yet attractive from the fresh sparkle about them, and the smart brilliant piquancy of touch, especially in the matter of keen, thin willow leaves, sharp blades of grass and swifthy slender reflections. His *Brook near Rouen* (85) is most clever, even in the absence of finish. His *Burnham Beeches* (87) want elaboration, and are too low in tone with their one spot of mottled light on the trunk. There can be no distance in foliage expressed without an elaborated foreground.

M. Devedeux's *Dance* (55) is one of those audacious bits of colour in which he delights, he being a painter who by no means ignores the presence of paint. The dance is a wanton writhing odalisque dance, in which there is quite a vortex of blues and cherry colour and white (too transparent) linen and gold stuffs, watched over by a fat-lipped, condescending black eunuch in a tremendous turban. This, however, is a sort of ornamental talent that cannot go much beyond the Lalla Rookh or pseudo-Ornamental class of Art.

M. Moty, known as a clever decorative painter, and one of the decorators of Prince Napoleon's Pompeian Palace, contributes a *Bacchante Asleep* (112a), a mere pretty study, not peculiarly well drawn and very false in colour, with its white smooth flesh and brown greys.

THE MICHAEL ANGELO.

WE give the following paragraphs of a letter which we have received from Mr. Morris Moore:—

"Paris, 64, Rue de Grenelle, St.-Germain, June.

"At page 6 of a publication bearing the blushing title-page—'The Manchester Exhibition, What to Observe, a Walk through the Art-Treasures Exhibition under the guidance of Dr. Waagen, a Companion to the Official Catalogue. London, &c., 1857,' may be read:—'107. Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The Virgin, the Child, St. John, and four Angels holding scrolls. No artist but Michael Angelo could have attained to the expression of so lofty a purity, so elevated a consciousness of divine maternity, as that displayed in the Virgin in this picture. The angel seen in profile is, too, of extraordinary beauty. All the undraped parts are modelled with the greatest knowledge. By far the rarest picture in the whole Exhibition, as only one other easel picture by Michael Angelo is known to exist—that in the Tribune at Florence. Having been the first to attribute publicly this picture, previously assigned to Domenico Ghirlandaio, to Michael Angelo (Waagen, Vol. II. p. 417), it gave me much satisfaction to find this denomination acknowledged by some of the first connoisseurs I met in the Exhibition.'

"The parenthetical reference points to a book not in existence till the summer, or may be the autumn of 1854; the 'No. 5' of the following extract to a list of masterpieces passed at trifling sums by a 'Board of Taste,' careful to moderate taste to the official standard of tens of thousands for ambiguous mediocrities accentuated occasionally by a not ambiguous counterfeiter. The priority of claim is met thus:—'A. 9953 No. 5. The Virgin, Child, and St. John, with Saints, by Michael Angelo. This great work, superior to any in the National Collection, was offered to the Trustees in 1844 for 500*l.*, at the very time when they were in treaty for that wretched Holbein—'A Medical Gentleman.' It belonged to a lady named Bonar. The two pictures were in the same room in the National Gallery, and at the same time. The daub was secured, the masterpiece rejected. The Michael Angelo was subsequently exhibited at the British Institution in 1847. It remained on sale during the whole period of Sir C. Eastlake's keepership, and was at last sold in 1849, for Mrs. Bonar, by Messrs. Colnaghi, for 525*l.* (Morris Moore's Evidence on the picture purchasing, July 22, 1853. Report of Sel. Com. on the National Gallery of 1853, p. 696.) In the same evidence this work is twice again affirmed to be by Michael Angelo.

"It could be shown by testimony irrefragable, that in delivering this evidence the witness did but repeat a judgment which he had pronounced more elaborately in 1847, on his first introduction to the masterpiece.

MORRIS MOORE."

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Mr. Behnes is engaged preparing a model for the statue of the late Sir Henry Havelock, which is to be erected as a national testimonial in Trafalgar Square. The likeness is taken from a bust lately executed by Mr. Behnes, the portrait being from a photograph of the deceased executed a few weeks before the battle of Lucknow.

An enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Foley's equestrian statue, now on view in front of Burlington House, writes:—"That a copy of Mr. Foley's grand statue of Lord Hardinge should be secured for the metropolis is a duty we owe to the memory of the noble warrior to whose name it is a worthy tribute,—to the sculptor, as the artist of a work unquestionably the finest of its class in the country,—to the city we inhabit, as a public monumental triumph, thereby rebutting the taunts of foreign aspersion, that as Englishmen we neither can conceive nor execute works of high character,—to the student in Art, as a standard of excellence,—and to future generations, as a national heirloom, bequeathed by the mutual friends and admirers of the soldier and the artist. The realization of such a project would reflect on us a national honour, whilst its failure must cover us with shame. The circumstance is unique, the occasion favourable; therefore let it not be said of us that (possessing the means of vindicating, in the eyes of the world, our patriotism and love of Art), the memory of the soldier is buried in the oblivion of his tomb, or the long years of the sculptor's labours passed unrecognized by a people, whose Art he has enriched by the production of a work without prototype or parallel.—I am, Sir,

"T."

Two remarkable water-colour paintings, the laborious productions of Mr. J. Naah, the author of 'Old English Mansions,' are now on view in Pall Mall. They are hereafter to be perpetuated by the skill of the chromo-lithographers, assisted by hand labour, and to be re-issued in the various graduated values of "royal proofs, press proofs, members' proofs and prints." We are not sorry to see the union of hand-colouring with chromo-lithography attempted, because we know how rarely the machine can grope its way to an artistic fac-simile, however pleasing and attractive may be its reapplication. As for all the fuss of the programme about "the vital, national importance of the institutions which form the foundation of these pictures,—their impressive magnificence and constitutional sentiment, their grandeur and perfection, upholding our rank and refinement in Art," the less we say the better,—so we will proceed at once to the two carefully-executed interiors, in which the human beings are treated as mere architectural masses, subordinate to the effect of receding avenues of roof, and the pannelled frettings of gilded roofs. The one scene represents the House of Lords at the moment when the Queen is opening Parliament: the other, an important debate in the House of Commons, with Lord Palmerston speaking. In the one picture the floor is dark, the roof light; in the other, the roof is sombre and dark, and the lower part of the picture quite a tulip bed of marching and matchless colours, put in with a clear, delicate touch which can express the finest and sharpest detail of metal quatrefoil or wooden moulding. Mr. Naah has, with a wonderful detail of bronze effigies, stained windows, coronated lights, coloured beams and pierced balconies, still preserved a fine clear-headed breadth, and thrown the roof back with all its emblems, shields and mottoes into a far-reaching distance, in a way that rivals the best painters of interiors that ever lived since old Mantegna first mastered the difficulties and charms of perspective. He has contrasted well the glass roof and pierced apertures of the Commons roof with the heavier heraldry and intricacy of the Lords, relieving the blaze of light and colour in the one case with the more sombre greys of the common costume, and in the other, lighting it with the polyglot brilliancies of the Peereses' dresses. His figures are, however, somewhat sharp, sketchy and unmade out: the faces rarely recognizable; real careful copying might have been done in a little more time and with equal breadth.

It is astonishing how well with a sort of pen brush, delicate and precise, Mr. Naah, a master of architectural painting, has either given or hinted the gilded thrones, carved seats, gilt niches, broad frescoes, carved panneling, emblazoned bayes, coves and beamed roof, glowing with all the coat armour of the Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart and Hanoverian houses, Bishops' shields, and all the pomp and glamour of chivalrous heraldry. He shows us every brass knot and twisting, every pierced trellis of vine, oak or thistle, every lion's head or sejant lion that can help to swell the rich diapason of architectural splendour. It is quite a legendary study to rummage among the corbels and spandrels or the lozenge recesses of that vast ceiling for the white hart of Richard the Second, the sun of York, the crown in the Bosworth thorn-bush of Henry the Seventh, the Tudor dragon, or the leopard of Scotland. It takes the keen eye of an acute king-at-arms to forage out the rose of England, the pomegranate of Castille, the portcullis of the Beaufort, or the lily of France. As for the House of Commons, with its slender pillars and flower-basket galleries, its pannelled frosted glass roof, lighted by gas,—its royal badges and monograms,—its windows blazoned with the arms of twenty-four of the least rotten boroughs of England, it is a homely place after the Lords. The rich oak colour is dull after gold beams and vermillion legends. The leather seats are poor things after the crimson velvet and the purple. A compact office air takes the place of Venetian splendour and relaxing brain-softening ease. Here be finer wits and poorer colours, harder heads and harder seats. We only lament that Mr. Naah should have somewhat narrowed the effect of his grand and comprehensive pictures by a little want of finish and some neglect of his figures. Breadth is got by tone, not by mere raw positive colour. There is no reason why he should have made all his M.P.'s in grey trousers.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—At the Sixth, Seventh, and Last MATINEES, on the remaining Tuesdays in June, RUBINSTEIN is engaged. On TUESDAY NEXT, June 15, at Half-past Three, Douz Quartet; E minor, Spohr; Trio, G minor, Op. 12, No. 1 (first time), Rubinstein; Quartet, in D, Mozart; Solos, Maria Forte. Artists—Sainston, Blagrove, Goffin, Piatelli, Rie, Blagrove, Webb, and Pagan. Piatelli, Rubinstein.—Tickets to be had of Craxer & Co., Chappell & Oliver, Bond Street.

J. ELLA, Director.

Members are requested to pay their Subscriptions yet due. For the remainder of the Concerts, no more free admissions will be granted.

HERR L. JANSA begs to announce that his SEVENTH ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY, June 14, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock, assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Madame Borchard, Miss Locatelli, and Miss Goulet; Herr Joachim, M. Sainston, Signor Piatelli, M. Remusat, Mr. Gayer, Herr Deek. Accompanists, Mr. Aguilar and Herr Gans. Mr. Will. Conductor, Mr. Mellon.—Tickets, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Reserved Seats, 1*s.* 6*d.*; may be obtained at Herr Jansa's, Mornington Crescent, Camden Town. Full particulars will be duly announced.

Miss DOLBY and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER'S THIRD and LAST CONCERT OF CHAMBER MUSIC will take place at Willis's Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING, June 14, at Half-past Eight o'clock, when they will be assisted by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Sainston, Paque, Francesco Berger, and Benedict.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, may be had at the principal Music Warehouses of Miss Dolby, 2, Hyde Street, Manchester Square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 76, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, without Orchestral Accompaniment, performed under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 16, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Principal Artists:—Miss Bauer, Miss Borchard, Miss A. Addams, Miss Villar, Miss Palmer, Miss Carroux, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. Santley, Pianoforte, Miss Freeth. Organ, Mr. Hopkins.—Tickets at St. Martin's Hall, and at the Musicians' Halls, Five Shillings; Galleries, Half-a-Crown; Area, One Shilling.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—WEDNESDAY, June 16.—GRAND EVENING CONCERT. Conductor, Mr. M. W. Balfe. By particular request, Mr. Sims Reeves will sing Beethoven's 'Adelaide,' accompanied (on this occasion) by Miss Arabella Goddard; Madame Clara Novello will sing 'Batti, batti' (Don Giovanni), with Violoncello obbligato by Signor Piatelli; Miss A. Goddard, M. Sainston, and Signor Piatelli will play Mendelssohn's Grand Trio, in D minor; Mr. Weiss will sing, for the first time, a new Song, 'Sir Marmaduke' (music by Angelica). Other eminent Artists will appear.—Tickets and Programmes to be obtained at the principal Musicians, and at the Hall (Pianissimo entrance).

TITENS, PICCOLOMINI, and ALBONI: Louis Fyfe, Ortolani, Sherrington, Lemmens, and Vizardi Garet; Giuglini and Belart, Benvenuto and Rossi, Vialletti, Aldighieri, and Bellotti; Herr Pischke, Rubinstein, Molique, Maurer, Schick, Blagrove, V. Collins, and Joachim will all appear at Mr. BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on MONDAY MORNING, June 21.—The full Programme is now ready. Early application for the few remaining Boxes and Stalls is respectfully solicited, at the principal Libraries and Music Warehouses; the Box-office of Her Majesty's Theatre; and at Mr. Benedict's Residence, 2, Manchester Square.

MADAME RISTORI.—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—The public, who are most respectfully informed that the celebrated tragedienne, Madame RISTORI, together with her Italian Dramatic Company, will give a series of TWELVE PERFORMANCES at the ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, commencing on WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 10, with Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Macbeth*. Lady Macbeth, Madame Ristori, these persons will most positively be limited to twelve in London and three in the provinces; Madame Ristori's continental engagements preventing any further extension. Several Artists of great eminence have been added to the Company, and will make their first appearance in England. In addition to the most attractive *Tragedies* performed last year the following will also be given:—*Phedre*, translated into Italian by Signor Vestri; *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, translated into Italian by Signor Vestri; *Ottavia*, by Alfieri; and *Le Falso Confidente*. The subscription will be for the Twelve Nights. Pit Stalls, Ten Guineas; Grand Tier Boxes, Forty Guineas; Pit Boxes, Twenty-five Guineas. Nightly Admissions:—Boxes, Grand Tier, Three and Four Guineas; Pit Tier, Two Guineas and a Half and Three Guineas; Second Tier, One Guinea and a Half; Pit Stalls, One Guinea; Boxes, 5s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s. The Box-office is open from Ten till Four, under the superintendence of Mr. Andrews. Nights of Performance, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, commencing at Half-past Eight o'clock.

MR. CHARLES HALLE has respectfully to announce that he will give a series of THREE CLASSICAL CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS, in Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on THURSDAYS, June 17, 24, and July 8, commencing at Three o'clock, when he will be assisted by Herr Joachim, M. Santley, Signor Piatelli, and other eminent Artists. Subscription Tickets for the Series, One Guinea each; and Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had at Cramer & Beale's, 301, Regent Street; R. Olivieri, 19, Great Marlborough Street; and the principal Sellers and Mr. Halle, 22, Chesham Place, Belgrave Square. Programme of First Concert, June 17. Executants—Herr Joachim, Signor Piatelli, and Mr. Charles Halle. Trio in E major, Haydn; Sonata, Pleyel, for the Violin; Concerto, in G minor, for the Piano; Piano and Violin, in A minor, dedicated to Kreutzer, Beethoven; 'Stücke un Volkstone, Piano and Violoncello, Schumann; 'Assemblage, in G major, for the Violin, S. Bach; Trio in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, Beethoven.

MISS MACRONE has the honour to announce that her SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on THURSDAY, June 17, commencing at half-past eight o'clock, upon which occasion she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby. The following Members of the Musical Union will perform:—Herr Joachim, M. Santley, Signor Piatelli, and other eminent Artists. Subscription Tickets, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Wynne, and Herr Pischke. Herr Carl Deichmann, Violin. Pianoforte, Miss Macrone. During the Concert, the Members of the Vocal Union will perform several Part Songs composed by Miss Macrone, and Madames Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Herr Pischke, new compositions by the same Author. Conductor, Mr. George Loder. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea. Single Tickets, 2s. 6d. Reserved Seats may be obtained only of Miss Macrone, 5, Park Village West, Regent's Park; Messrs. Addison & Co., Mr. R. Olivieri, and Mr. Campbell, where diagrams of the room can be seen.

MADAME BASSANO and **HERR KUHE** beg to announce that their GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, June 24, at the Hanover Square Rooms, at Two o'clock, assisted by the eminent Artists:—Madames Viardot Garcia, Lemmens Sherrington, and Bassano; Messrs. Pischke, Jules Lefort, Charles Chaple, Sims Reeves, Santley, Piatelli, Engel, and Kuhe. Conductors, M.M. Benedict and F. Berger. Reserved Seats, at 12s. each; Tickets, at Half-a-Guinea. To be had of Madame Bassano, 7, Old Quebec Street, Portman Square, W.; of Herr Kuhe, 15, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.; and of all the principal Musicians.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In power over the strongest emotions of grief and pity, Schiller, as a dramatist, has been surpassed by few. The coronation act in 'The Maid of Orleans,' the departure of *Max*, and the interview betwixt *Thekla* and the soldier in 'Wallenstein' have a fascination without limit in their force. To think of these passages is to call up a phantom of trouble and dread,—to return to them is willfully to place ourselves on the rack. Nevertheless, the certain, direct, and naked intensity in their passion is sparingly adorned by the graces of a rich poetical fancy; and hence, it may be, that so few of Schiller's tragedies offer genial scope to other arts besides that of literal stage presentation. If we compare them with 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Othello,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,'—even 'Lear,' with its tremendous distress,—their inferiority in suggestion, such as painters and musicians love, will be apparent. None in the list is a more cruel tormentor than 'Kabale und Liebe.' Perhaps it is for this very reason that Signor Verdi—whose demon seems to demand *dramas* ere it can be made to speak—has selected it as subject for an opera. To ourselves, in its absence of local colour and in the monotony of its misery, it appears thoroughly ineligible. Further, that which must happen to every operatized drama has happened to 'Kabale und Liebe' also in 'Luisa Miller.' The situations are weakened, the passion is diluted:—in place of midnight, "black as a wolf's mouth," we have a darkness, foggy and tearful. The rant does not thunder us down,—the grief fails to melt us. In this fact, again, we have another plea for poetry as an element in all subjects for the musical drama, more important than has been admitted. The tragedy is shocking,—the opera was lachrymose and tiresome, save when the actors amused us, without meaning to do such harm.

There is little, from first to last, in the music to reconcile us to the composer. Signor Verdi's overture is a long monologue on a phrase of four bars, not half

so expressive as the well-known four bars, "Sara l'alma," in the *trio* 'Cruda sorte,' from Signor Rossini's 'Ricciardo,'—still less as another four, those which open the subject of the *stretto* to the noble *finale* in 'Moise.' But that Signor Verdi is not abashed by any amount of platitude, a following hunting chorus, exceeding even the "Robber chorus" in his 'Masnadieri,' shows. As regards the *solo* music, 'Luisa Miller' contains nothing so good as his *Settimino* or 'Osommo Carlo' in 'Ernani,'—or his *finale* in 'Nabucco,'—or his quartett in 'Rigoletto,' or his "Miserere" in 'Il Trovatore.' The heroine might be either *Gilda*, or *Violetta*, or *Abigail*, for any touch that marks her life or her country. A pastoral introduction—weak if compared with similar things by Donizetti—a waltz-chorus, "Quale un sorriso," again, courageous in its puerility,—are the little efforts by aid of which we are to consider ourselves in Germany. The want of local colour, however, might be overlooked (in consideration of the *maestro's* school and country) were there any compensating beauty of melody. Everything that is not trite in the score is unpleasant. In the unaccompanied quartett, for instance "Come celar le smanie," the unisonal passage of seven bars for the four voices, is queer, but unmeaning. The close of the same movement, were it signed by M. Meyerbeer or M. Halévy, would be called French and affected. Exceedingly disagreeable, too, is the choral introduction to the second act, where rhythm is called in to do duty for air. The songs are in the known Verdi patterns—full of fever, empty of feeling. The *cabaletta* for the tenor, 'L'ara o l'avello,' (for which, by the way, Signor Giuglini substituted another) is, to our liking, the best *solo* in the opera. *Luisa's cavatina*, in the last act, 'La tomba è un letto,' with its threadbare *staccato* theme, has no more of the long sleep of the tomb in it than *Marguerite's* 'Ah, si j'étais coquette,' in 'Les Huguenots.' The music of 'I due Foscari' was meagre and dismal enough; but the music of 'Luisa Miller,' so far as idea is concerned, seems yet more meagre and dismal.—To be just, however, after this wholesale disparage, we should say, that a disposition may be traced on the composer's part to enrich and to vary his instrumentation, leading him in many passages to eccentricity, in some near invention, and in one or two to happy effect.

The opera,—in obedience to the usages of modern times, better than those which permitted every manner of bungling fault on a first night,—has been produced as carefully as is possible to *Her Majesty's Theatre*. The orchestra and chorus were good on the whole. The concerted music went as well as it could be made to go, when the leading singer is so utterly incompetent as the *prima donna*. That *Mlle. Piccolomini* knows the part of the peasant girl, is obviously proved by the adroitness with which she shakes her head at difficult passages—dashes through them with a smile to the stalls and a sign to her conductor, and alights on her feet when the *pons asinorum* of shake or *gruppetto*, or note to be sustained in tune, is passed.—She is as unshakable in her confidence as she is deficient in powers of musical speech, and the tale of both confidence and deficiency was told aloud in the unaccompanied quartett aforesaid, which had to be crutched up by instruments not in the score. But, once again, we have to recognize the good side of *Mlle. Piccolomini's* talent, in a certain dramatic sensibility, to be seen in those small points of by-play, and heard in certain inflexions of dialogue, which were probably despised by the lady and overlooked by her friends. As an actress she might have gone—she might still go—far; as an operatic singer her little day is dying fast. This might be heard in the real warmth with which Madame Albani was greeted, who managed to make the small part of *Duchess Frederica* the vocal feature of the evening, substituting a *cavatina* for the original duett of the opera. Signor Giuglini carried off the honours in the mawkish couplets 'Quando le sere,' which he sings with great care, and which suit him, since effect is only to be got out of them by never coming to an end of the rapid phrases, but by relying on long breaths, loud *a's*, and other such devices. Signor Beneventano, as *Miller*,

the sad, serious, soldierly father, was emphatic in his own way, but that trenched curiously close on the border of grotesque. Signor Vialetti, as the old *Count*, was not well placed. This singer disappoints us, since, as may be remembered, we expected good things from him. He makes no way with his public. The *Wurm*, Signor Castelli, had that sort of tea-garden villany about his demeanour belonging to stage criminals of the third order in Italian theatres, which, nevertheless, does not wholly exclude a sincere determination to wring the heart, and, as such, is better than slack rapidity.

Contemporaries state that 'Luisa Miller' has succeeded thoroughly. Our explanation of the space devoted to it, is, that probably it is the only unfamiliar opera which this season will be produced at either theatre,—further, because Signor Verdi was "the man of this morning," if his late reverses no longer entitle him to bear the title "of the man of to-day,"—lastly, because, as we said a week ago, bad as we hold his music to be, there is attempt at style in it.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Dealing, as we must do, in the briefest manageable space with the Concerts of the Week, we had better first take what may be called the "full performances" of corporate bodies,—regretting, though the fact lightens the labour of ears and pen, that one and all of them have been so inanimate, so far as "the soul of novelty" in creation is concerned. How can it be well, with health of taste and hope for Art among us, when the main topic for talk concerning seven days so portentously crowded, which is not as familiar as

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, among school poems,—not as classical as

The cloud-capt towers

among quotations, is an unfamiliar piece of business by Signor Verdi, one, too, which will add little to his reputation, be that greater or less?

The *Fifth Philharmonic Concert* afforded no matter for comment, save on the playing of M. Rubinstein in Weber's 'Concert Stück,' which was dashing, fiery, and forcible—the last movement taken with whirlwind speed,—and Madame Novello's *encore* in 'Deh vieni, non tardar.' This was thoroughly merited; we have never heard the lady sing so well as she is singing this year.—There was another concert of the *Vocal Association* on Wednesday evening, at which Herr Joachim and M. Rubinstein appeared;—yesterday, in the morning, an opera gathering at the *Crystal Palace*,—in the evening, the concert for the *Society of Female Musicians*,—and the eighth and last meeting of Mr. H. Leslie's Choir.

We must be brief in taking leave, for the season, of such choice chamber concerts as *Herr Pauer's*, who gave his last on Wednesday (and gave at it a pianoforte quartett by Schumann), and *M. Halle's*, whose *Recitals* were brought to an end on the following morning. That these last have included the choicest pianoforte-playing of the spring, there can be small question. The novelty on Thursday was the thoroughly original *Sonata*, in *r*, by Clementi—as romantic as any dream of yesterday in the strange three-bar rhythms of its *allegro*,—as steady as any truth of old time in its conduct from first to last. How capital in its persistence to a theme, hulling without monotony, is the *finale presto*, carried on and heightened to its very last sigh (for it sighs to an end)!—Every one who loves the best things must be glad to see that Mr. Halle is going to give three performances of concerted chamber music, to begin on Thursday next.

The concert of *Miss Mesent* and *Mr. Brinley Richards* was fully attended, and there was enough fairly to attract a large audience apart from any friendship for the lady (who, among other things, gave a new and tuneable "Good bye" ballad, by Mr. Hullah) or esteem for a popular professor of the Pianoforte. Mr. Sims Reeves—who seems in the plight of *Figaro* just now—appeared after doing his duty to 'Eli' at Exeter Hall. Miss A. Goddard joined Mr. Richards in a duett, and M. Pague in another. Mr. Allan Irving (who is making progress in public favour) was heard to advantage; so was Mr. Santley. Madame Viardot

sang an air from Verdi's 'Macbeth' with so much sinister grandeur and vehemence as absolutely to colour with something of the peculiar character Signor Verdi's passion-by-receipt, which is identical whatever be the situation, whatever the period. — *Mlle. Speyer*, whose *Matinée* was given on Saturday, proved that she can play Beethoven's *Sonatas* with intelligence and a fair amount of execution. She was assisted by Herr Deck, who might (with moderate pains) take the place as a singer vacated by Herr Formes — and by Miss Kemble. This young lady seems getting together a repertory of her own, and taking up some of Handel's songs, which have been too much overlooked, — for instance, *Scenel's* delicious "O sleep," from Congreve's opera, and *Pleasure's* graceful *bravura*, "There the brisk sparkling nectar," from 'Hercules.' — *Miss Chatterton's* concert took place on Saturday evening. — *Mr. Blumenthal's* Concert on Monday implied, as usual, a very large attendance, and a programme "more lively than severe." Of his own new pianoforte music, 'Na Palombella,' an arrangement of a Neapolitan popular tune, is, perhaps, the most elegant. — In the evening, *Miss Lefler's* concert began. Is it yet ended? The programme contained only fifty pieces of music, or thereabouts — among them ballads enough to satiate any concert-goer for a twelvemonth. — On Tuesday, *Mr. Allan Irving's* concert was given. This gentleman, who sings with refinement and has a pleasing if not powerful baritone voice, seems as if he had somewhere stopped short in his studies. His intention is generally good, but his power does not bear it out. We imagine it not too late to find a remedy, and to fill up what is wanting. — Besides the above miscellaneous *Benefit Concerts*, have been those by *Madame Henrie* and *Miss Stevenson*, and *Mlle. Caroline Valentin*.

OLYMPIC. — On Saturday a new drama by Mr. Tom Taylor was produced, under the title of 'Going to the Bad.' It is in two acts, and aspires to the rank of a comedy by the style of its composition and the aim of its moral. The number of acts is few, but they are longer than usual, and the dialogue is as little frivolous in its kind as can be imagined; while the motive on which the main action turns is as singular as it is slight, and not at all ludicrous. There is an earnestness of purpose about the whole thing, as if the author were bent on reading an important lesson to his audience, by means as new to the stage as he could possibly devise. There is too much intellectual effort throughout, and too little material to work upon, and the impression of both painfully strengthens as the action proceeds to a reluctant culmination, more indebted to the author's artificial skill than the natural development of his subject. He has, in fact, a theme, but no story worth the telling; one ostentatiously made to appear suggestive, but all included within its own narrow shell, without the slightest bearing on anything outside. It is subjective — relative to the moral states of its hero, and nothing else.

The piece opens with the mysterious conduct of *Mr. Peter Potts*, a little gentleman of easy means, lodging in the house of a *Mr. Johnson*, and waited on by his daughter *Lucy*, to whom he has hitherto been exceedingly kind, but now appears in an extraordinary mental condition that is very alarming. He is heard before he is seen, evidently upsetting the furniture, and observed by the devoted *Lucy*, getting out his razors in a desperate manner. The source of this excitement is the fact that *Miss Dashwood*, the daughter of *General Dashwood*, after appearing to favour his attentions, has suddenly met his proposal with a refusal. This state of matters *Mr. Potts* communicates to *Captain Horace Hardingham* — absent from the Guards without leave on a love-suit — an exquisite, who professes worldly principles that make him appear to be a much worse fellow at bottom than he really is, and who counsels *Potts* to take the affair easily, and shield himself in future against similar disappointments, by fighting the world with its own weapons. "Do, and don't be done; punish society, and don't let society punish you;" is the cool advice which is to convert

the "spoon" into a "roul." He teaches *Potts* to distrust the attentions of even poor *Lucy* herself, and whom accordingly, carrying the captain's advice into instant execution, the hasty neophyte "punishes" with affected indifference and wanton insult. The next victim of his new system is *Miss Dashwood* herself; who calls upon him to explain her conduct, which had been only adopted to blind her irascible father to the fact that she had another lover, and to entreat that the good and amiable *Mr. Potts* will yet continue to be the "screen" between her and the General's self-will. *Potts* ridicules her position, and triumphs in the danger to which she has exposed her reputation by such a clandestine visit. On the approach of visitors, the poor girl is reduced to the necessity of finding refuge in his dressing-room; into which afterwards *Captain Hardingham* is compelled to retreat, on the approach of *General Dashwood*, who is his superior officer. The General's business is to offer his daughter's hand to *Mr. Potts*, which at once brings the latter nearly to his senses; and being under the necessity of justifying his refusal, he even goes so far as to plead for the lady and her unknown lover, though with every word he excites the General to greater rage, who retires threatening a challenge. On the departure of the angry parent the two lovers rush from the adjoining chamber, and overwhelm *Potts* with gratitude, who, however, is in no mode to receive their acknowledgments. The discovery, indeed, that *Hardingham* is his rival increases his resentment, and he determines to withdraw an order for 2,000*l.* which he has given to his uncle, *Mr. Beris Marks*, in favour of the captain, and consults his friend *Major Steel* on the project of a duel with *Hardingham*, in which the Major rejoices to be concerned.

Such is the first act of *Mr. Taylor's* new play, and which fully sets forth his hero's perversion; — the second is devoted to his conversion, and leaves him in his normal state of feeling. A party is given by *Mrs. Polkinghorne* in Belgravia, and here all the parties meet at a fancy ball, in various costumes; — *Potts* appearing in that of *Mephistopheles*, after being carried to the station-house, at the instance of *General Dashwood*, who subsequently is arrested instead of his son; and the Captain being disguised as an old broad Scotch lady, and thus enabled to enjoy the company of the General's daughter without suspicion. But *Lucy*, who has caused herself to be engaged as one of the attendants at the party, for the purpose of preventing the duel between *Potts* and his rival, penetrates his disguise; and so also does *Potts* himself. The result is, that *Potts* gets greatly intoxicated, and is seen home by his guardian angel, *Lucy*. *Major Steel* is there as soon as they, — eager to keep *Potts* to the appointed time of five o'clock in the morning for the duel at *Wilmington*. *Potts*, left alone, writes a letter to *Lucy*, leaving her all his property, in case of his death, and falls asleep in his chair. But his slumbers are broken in upon by *Lucy*, *Hardingham*, *General Dashwood* and his daughter, *Marks*, and policemen, who have acted under his instructions. Mutual apologies and explanations are given, and *Potts* is relieved from the consequences of the bad advice incautiously given by the captain, including two duels. He resumes his old kindly state of feeling, advances the promised 2,000*l.* to his friend, and rewards the tried attachment of *Lucy* with his hand.

It will be perceived that the character of the hero requires very nice acting on the part of his representative; and it was supported with exemplary care by *Mr. Robson*; but it was easy to see that he could not throw himself into it *con amore*. *Capt. Hardingham*, with more decision of outline, was more easily personated by *Mr. George Vining*; and the duel-loving *Major Steel* was characteristically portrayed by *Mr. Addison*. There is an air of real life about the general picture that will probably commend it to the taste of the fashionable audience by which this theatre is patronized; but even they would have preferred more activity, and a stronger interest in the plot and persons of the entire drama.

ADELPHI. — This theatre closed on Wednesday week, with a variety of performances, and an address from *Mr. Webster* confirming the intention of its being reconstructed, and announcing the opening of the new building next September. He briefly stated the history of the theatre from the year 1806, when it was known by the name of the Sanspareil, and under the management of the *Mr. Scott* — who made a large fortune by the invention of "true blue" for the use of the ladies — and his daughter, who flourished in the joint capacity of authoress and actress of the establishment. But it was to *Mr. Moncrieff* and his 'Tom and Jerry' that the new theatre was indebted for its more permanent reputation, which was still further increased by the subsequent management of Messrs. Terry and Yates, assisted by the acting of *Mr. T. P. Cooke* and the talents of *Mr. Fitzball* in the adaptation of sailor-pieces for the actor's special forte. Ultimately, *Mr. Charles Mathews* joined the management, and the dramatic invention of *Mr. Buckstone* was brought to bear on its success. After many changes the theatre fell under the conduct of *Mr. Webster* and *Madame Celeste*, in 1844. These judicious directors still retained *Mr. Buckstone's* services, and produced the ever-verdant 'Green Bushes,' — a drama which has retained the stage ever since. — The company have for the present found refuge at the Surrey, where, on Monday, they appeared in *Mr. Buckstone's* drama just named, which was followed by the new comedy of 'Our French Lady's Maid.'

STANDARD. — *Mr. Phelps* resumed his engagement on Saturday. The tragedy of 'Hamlet' was performed, in which *Miss Rebecca Isaacs* performed the part of *Ophelia*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP. — 'Il Barbiere' was given, this day week, at the *Royal Italian Opera*, with *Signor Ronconi* — matchless now that we have lost *Lablache* — in the great *buffo* part. To-night 'Fra Diavolo' is to be revived.

Italian "opera for the million" — otherwise "sol-fa," as *Mr. Webster* tastelessly called it in his farewell *Adelphi* address, thereby needlessly reminding us of one of the party at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" in *Goldsmith's* comedy — is about to obtain a strong reinforcement at *Drury Lane*, in the form of two "unattached" prime donne — *Mesdames Persiani* and *Viardot*.

Works of Art take their own place, but they figure, nevertheless, by comparison. It has chanced that while going through *Signor Verdi's* so-called serious opera 'Luisa Miller,' a far less ambitious "piece" (as old English writers phrased it) has been lying before us, in the pianoforte edition of *M. Gounod's* music to 'Le Médecin malgré lui' (Paris, Colombar), written for the third opera-house in Paris, there to be executed by inferior singers — and in no respect so universal as the delicious third act of 'Sapho,' or the not less delicious introduction, and tenor aria, and romance, and ballet-music in 'La Nonne Sanglante.' — Yet see what a composer's life is! The older and more universal music of *M. Gounod* (however sure to return) failed at once to establish itself in the great theatres of Paris. His smaller work has been more fortunate, and as an illustration of *Molière*, even more than by its character and the tact of the composer, will probably keep the French stage. There, we are assured, on testimony we can trust, from many musicians of many schools, the effect is charming, so true is the artist's truth to his author, and so perfectly wrought and ingenious is his instrumentation. Without stage ears or stage lights, with merely the "litera scripta" to guide us, it may be honestly said that the said transcript bears out every opinion ever expressed by us of the individuality, elegance, and science of *M. Gounod* as a composer — written for inferior singers and within the trammels of a prescribed style as it is. *Sganarelle's* couplets, 'Qu'ils sont doux,' have been the favourite morsel of the opera. But their effect is so largely dependent on instrumentation as partly to escape in the pianoforte copy. *Le Médecin's* "Serenade," 'Est-on sage,' is in the minuet style, — a dainty bit of *rococo*. There is an exceedingly lively *Sestett*, — a charming "fabliau." *Sganarelle's* 'Vive la Médecine,' besides being a

clever song for a baritone, has the true pomposity of comic imposture in it. Throughout, the finish and resource of a master are discernible.—Some of the harmonies, however, may be found too French to satisfy German or Italian ears.

Mr. Benedict, we observe, is announcing for his coming concert a veritable curiosity,—none other than a performance of 'La Serva Padrona' on the stage. Mlle. Piccolomini and Signor Rossi are to appear in Pergolesi's opera.

Madame Ristori's representations commence next week at the *St. James's Theatre*. They do not apparently include her new Parisian character of *Giuditta*, the Biblical nature of which must, we fancy, exclude it from the English stage; but we are promised, in addition to last year's repertory, *Fedra*, *Adrianna Lecouvreur*, *Ottavia*, and the heroine of 'Les Fausses Confidences.'

An article in the *Journal des Débats* of the 2nd of June is noticeable enough as a piece of special pleading to claim a moment's talk, in a place where the talk runs on Music. In it, M. d'Ortigue, hitherto known as the champion of orthodoxy, enters into an elaborate panegyric of the concert the other day given, at the *Conservatoire* rooms, by Herr Litolf and M. Berlioz. The elaboration is devoted to prove that both gentlemen are unjustly treated by those who rank them among the "musicians of the future" (a designation which, by this pleading, seems now to have fallen into discredit). "They do not," asserts M. d'Ortigue, intend or profess to destroy forms, or to overturn established rules,—merely to enlarge both as Beethoven did in his last works. The purpose is daring, and the example not logically propounded. In the interest of sound judgment, we protest against the parallel and the deduction from it. To deal with the latter first, we cannot for an instant accept the last compositions by Beethoven adverted to either as models or as "points of departure." They can only be thus received by those who fancy it heretical to question the sense of every line which bears a great poet's signature; and who show not reverence so much as superstition by placing in the same light beauty and blemish, mist and daylight, that which is intelligible, that which is not. It is of no avail to reply to this that persons who wait and study may discern intentions, links, traces of design,—may somehow spin some wondrous theory in apology for crudity, confusion, and want of proportion. The resolution not to find fault with any work by one who has raised us high and searched us deeply belongs to idolatry, not sane worship. The composition of which the meaning can only be guessed—where the truth and the beauty are only discernible by eyes which have strained themselves beyond natural powers of vision—is incomplete. Too much admiration cannot be lavished on the colossal and original beauties which are scattered through these last works by Beethoven. However gigantic in its scale, however difficult of execution, there is no mystery in the *allegro* to his Ninth Symphony,—none in the "Kyrie" to his 'Missa Solennis,'—none in the prolonged *adagio* to his grand *solo Sonata* in a flat. These things keep the last works of Beethoven alive—not their crudities. Are any such inspirations approaching these to be found in the writings of the authors in question? In those of M. Berlioz none. While he has exaggerated (under the idea of carrying out) the objectionable peculiarities of Beethoven's last style,—while he has tried to create new forms by an utter disturbance of form, his labour has been virtually the Egyptian task of making "bricks without straw,"—of planning enormous and intricate structures without having originated that central master-thought, that first seizing phrase, that goodly symmetry of melody, for whose sake we forgive much disguise and dross, and the presence of which proves the Poet to exist, be his working out of the same ever so impure and chaotic. It is this want, this absence of feature, this solicitude in concealing that which is mean and puny, which have deservedly placed M. Berlioz among those of the modern school, from whose society M. d'Ortigue seems so whimsically eager to separate him. It is his interesting personality which has given to ninety-nine bars out of a hundred in his music their power to reach those who would rather believe in Genius than under-

stand it.—The times demand plain speech in this matter; since, in the death of great composers, there may be danger of great principles of composition being forgotten.

MISCELLANEA

National Collections.—In the year 1857-58 the sum total of 214,574*l.* was expended on the national collections, against 202,476*l.* in 1856-57, and 228,866*l.* in 1855-56. The British Museum "establishment" figures for 50,347*l.*, the buildings thereof for 33,814*l.*, and the purchases for 17,425*l.*; the National Gallery for 29,469*l.*; scientific works and experiments for 3,672*l.*; the Royal Geographical Society for 500*l.*; the Royal Historical Portrait Gallery for 1,240*l.*; the Department of Science and Art for 66,011*l.*; the Museum of Practical Geology for 6,092*l.*; and the Royal Society for 1,000*l.*; 316,896*l.* is the sum total expended on the grounds and buildings of the Kensington Gore Estate from 1852 to 1857.

The Encyclopædia Britannica.—Noticing in your number of the 5th of June reference to some criticisms on the "comparative uselessness" of the eighth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and some correspondence which has apparently arisen out of the remarks of Mr. D. Buxton, I may perhaps be allowed to point out a deficiency in the article 'Astronomy,' which struck me at the time it came out (I think 1854) as a remarkable omission, and which I recollect pointing out as such to one of the then Professors of Edinburgh University, tending rather to support Mr. Buxton's opinion, that there is not that infusion of new blood in the present edition of this Encyclopædia which the public had a right to expect. In that edition, of the Asteroids, or smaller planets, only those described in the earlier editions, and long since discovered—viz., Vesta, Juno, Ceres and Pallas—are considered worthy of notice; no mention (in the article 'Astronomy' that I could find) being made of that remarkable series of telescopic and astronomical discoveries which have of late years been made with reference to that singular group of planetary bodies, of which the four above mentioned constitute merely the largest. Since 1854, of course their number has been considerably increased,—but even then some twenty or thirty new ones had been detected, and their orbits, &c. described and calculated. Apart from any remote or purely scientific interest connected with the discovery of so large a number of new planetary bodies, small though individually they may be, it is strange that the mere fact of such new discoveries having taken place, the result and reward of a vast amount of individual research, should not have been even alluded to at that part of the subject treating of the Asteroids. As far, at least, as that part of the article just referred to is concerned, it is little more, if anything, than a reprint of what appeared in the earlier editions. The same kind of criticism holds good with reference to the article treating of Meteorites, or Aerolites, (the part containing which, I believe, was only issued last year, though I have not at this moment the work at hand to refer to). The article describing these bodies contains nothing but what one might have seen or read twenty years ago. There is no attempt at describing any of the more recent falls of those bodies, none of the latest analyses of meteoric irons, &c. are given, no extension of the list or catalogue of falls published in much older editions, and no allusion made to the newer theories respecting the nature and origin of these bodies. It is evident the writer of this article, or the supervising editor, cannot have read the papers on this class of phenomena which appeared in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine* for November and December, 1854, and in *Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts* for May, 1855, or studied the theses respectively of Prof. Shepard, M. Parthas, and Prof. Clark on Meteoric Irons and Stones.

Manchester, June 7.

R. P. GREG.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R. L.—H. T.—A. A. Z. Z.—J. V.—J. C. B.—A. G.—M. B. A.—H. R.—P. S.—C. G. S.—A. H. C.—G. M. A.—E. R. R.—J. M. H.—F. R. B.—F. S.—received.

Erratum.—P. 721, col. 2, l. 52, for "check" read *check*.

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